THE WORLD AS IT IS

—*SIMPLEX*

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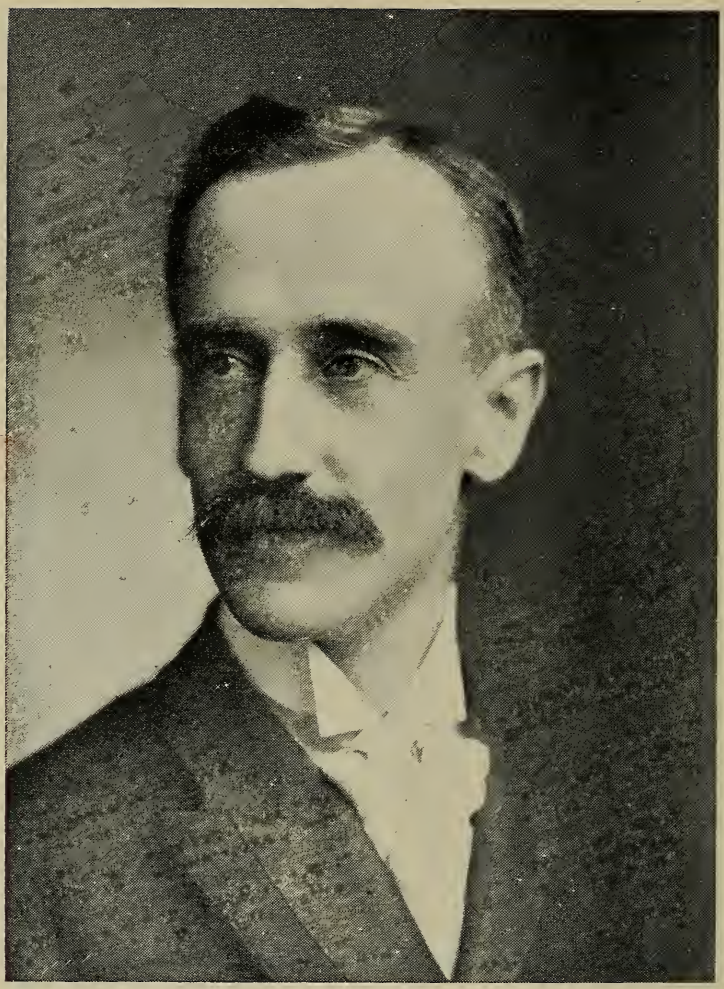
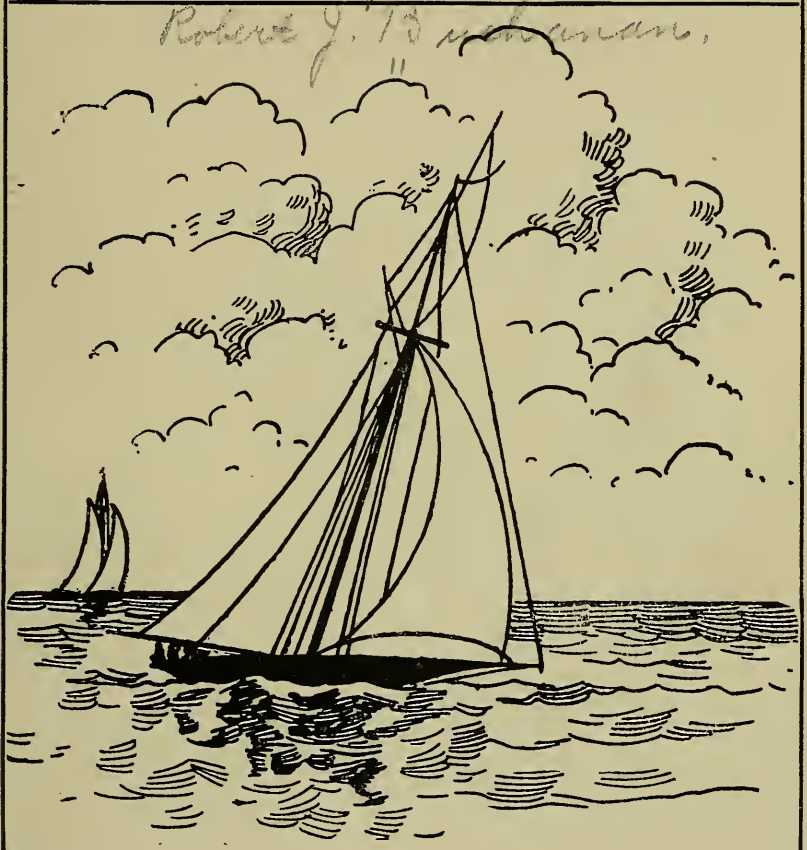


Yours in sincerity
Simplex

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

VOLUME I.



"Tout Vient a qui sait attendre."

Why Not?

SIMPLEX PUBLISHING COMPANY,
73 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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PART I.

VACATION VAGARIES

BY

SIMPLEX.

CHICAGO:
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INTRODUCTION.

Have you ever felt physically, mentally and morally tired? Well, if you have, you will know how I was feeling when the happy thought came to me to throw my business cares aside and set out for the Mediterranean Sea upon a short vacation trip to Europe.

It is my intention to sail from New York; and during my trip I shall probably have some interesting experiences to record, but, indeed, I fancy I will have no choice in the matter, as they will probably come bubbling up in spite of me, for you know that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

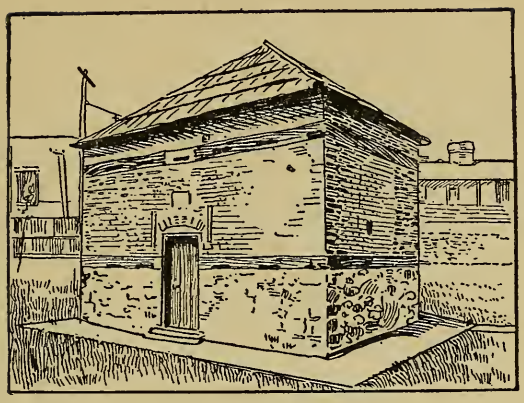
The happy thought that I was head-tired came to me after a delicious breakfast one morning in St. Louis. In order that you may better realize my temperament and general disposition, I feel bound to give an account of myself; I am a theorist—I wrestle with the abstract, but at the same time still remaining one who retains a few of his youthful visions and some of his early enthusiasm and spiritual insight.

Now I do not intend that these notes shall in the least measure develop into an autobiography, for then you would realize that moral tiredness which overtakes those who are bored by the inanities of an uneventful life; but it must be remembered that "platitudes" are self-evident propositions, and I hope that these jottings on a summer vacation may be

so self-evident as to become mere "platitudes" to those who are well informed, while to the uninitiated they may prove as lights in the darkness, and may shine upon their ignorance and be considered by them as the wisdom of Solomon; therefore, I do not address myself to the ultra smart people, but to my fellows and equals—stupid people—assuring them, that, believing that I have had a large share of personal stupidity in my own experience, the same being duly "rubbed in," I can sympathize with them, having suffered, and will try to prove to them that after all they may not be so very stupid as may appear, for I believe in such cases it is only that one's education has been deficient along certain orthodox lines.

I will now say good-by to you, until ready for our journey across the ocean which, let me hope, will be of mutual pleasure and profit.

THE AUTHOR.

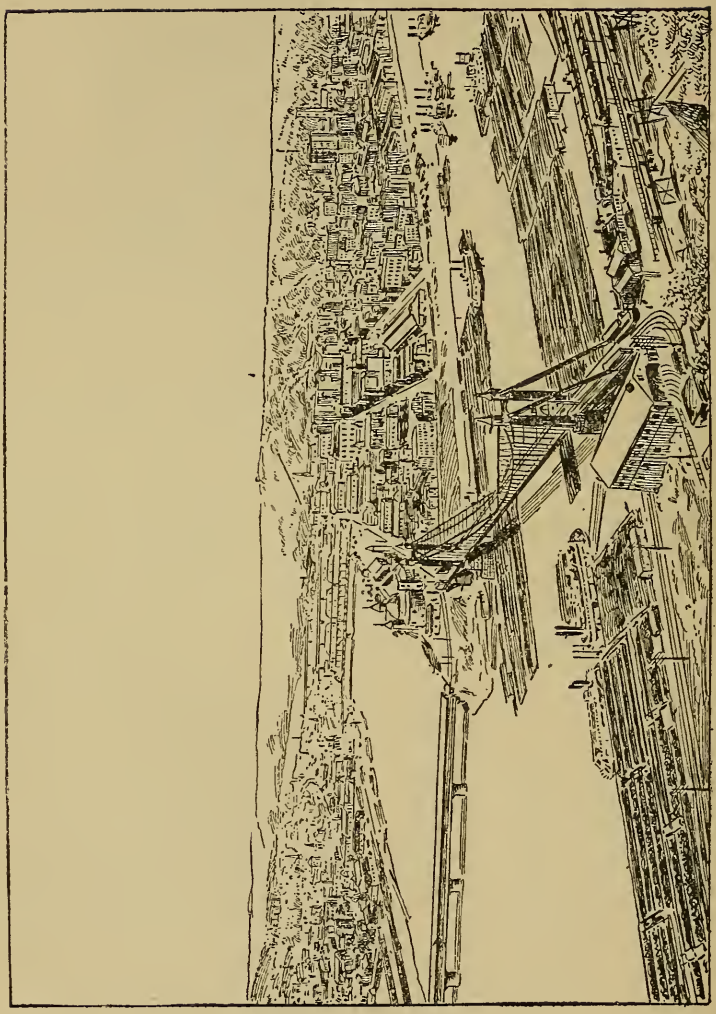


THE JOURNEY BEGUN.

Leaving Pittsburgh by the evening train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, I retire as soon as the porter has my berth ready for me, as I feel tired after the excitement of preparing for my tour, but as often in such cases sleep forsook my eyelids, so I raise the window blind and commune with darkened Nature as we speed along over the mountains; the deep emerald tints of the foliage merging almost imperceptibly into black in the darkness of the night, and over all the inky blue Heavens are above us, with the stars to guard us as we gradually slip away into the land of peace, where "the raveled sleeve of care is knitted up" for the morrow's struggle; it is thus that my eyelids unconsciously close, to open again only when morning peeps under them.

RAILROAD MUSIC.

Did you ever realize the number of sounds that are blended into a rather harmonious grumble upon the



average American railroad car, with the click and thump of the wheels passing over the ends of the rails, keeping time as it were? Sometimes the higher notes of conversation break out above the dull rumbling of the wheels and are unmistakable when these suddenly stop and the noise by degrees ceases as in an orchestra where the small wind instruments are more distinctly heard when the conductor silences the bass. In such a situation, one has almost been compelled to shout in order to be heard by one's nearest neighbor, and may have had the awkward experience of being left floundering high and dry upon a loud and high pitch, when such a comparative calm unexpectedly intervened between the storming undertones of the wheels, reminding one of the conversation between two ladies at church who were enjoying an animated discussion to the accompaniment of a thundering "fugue" in an organ voluntary, which, after the climax had been reached, suddenly dwindled down into a light treble like the wail of a disembodied spirit as in Gluck's "Orpheus," then in all parts of the church could be heard distinctly the loud voice of one of those "mothers of Israel" saying to the other, "we fry ours in butter."

Do you know this railroad music, which is a peculiar intermingling of the wailing of puling infants, and the crying of "brats" who do so out of sheer spite and bad temper; of course those who have wind colic deserving our sympathy, as well as their mothers, but especially their fathers, who in such a predicament, usually look perplexed, as the average

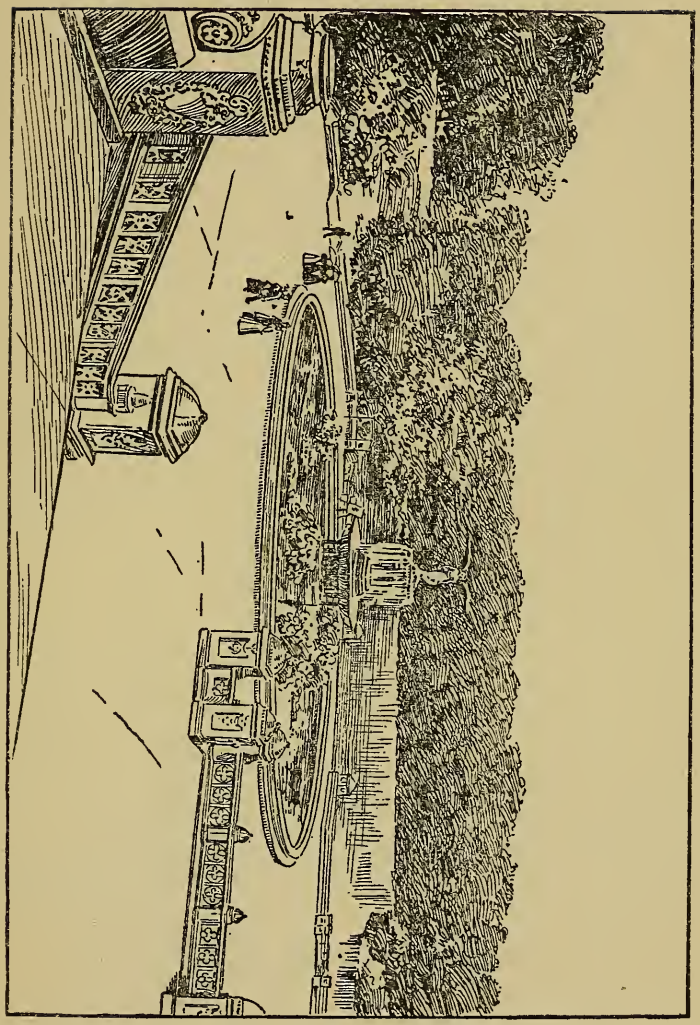
man is often most inadequate as far as the question of bringing up the family is concerned? Added to these noises we hear the giggle of the young miss in her teens, flirting with her "fellow," and the strident voice of the stern spinster, who openly declares herself against the rights of the weaker sex—man.

On one short railroad trip, at a way station, an invalid lady supported by the arm of her daughter or younger sister, came on board the train, the elder lady with that sad and suffering expression of those who are battling against great odds, and you will realize how distressing this railroad hubbub must have been to such a couple, and while the invalid sometimes moaned as if her nerves were racked, by pain, the younger lady felt the disturbing noises more distressing, as oftentimes the stronger body has the larger capacity for suffering; had it not been for sympathizing with these ladies in their pain, probably the orchestral effect of the noise would never have been specially noticed by the writer.

In this commotion a compensation is found for the onlooker in a quiet study of the idiosyncrasies of his fellow passengers.

NEW YORK.

At Jersey City we take the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and upon arriving in New York drive to our hotel for breakfast, after which there is much to arrange preparatory to sailing in the afternoon; there is no city in the United States, and perhaps in the world, where a more delightful sojourn may be made

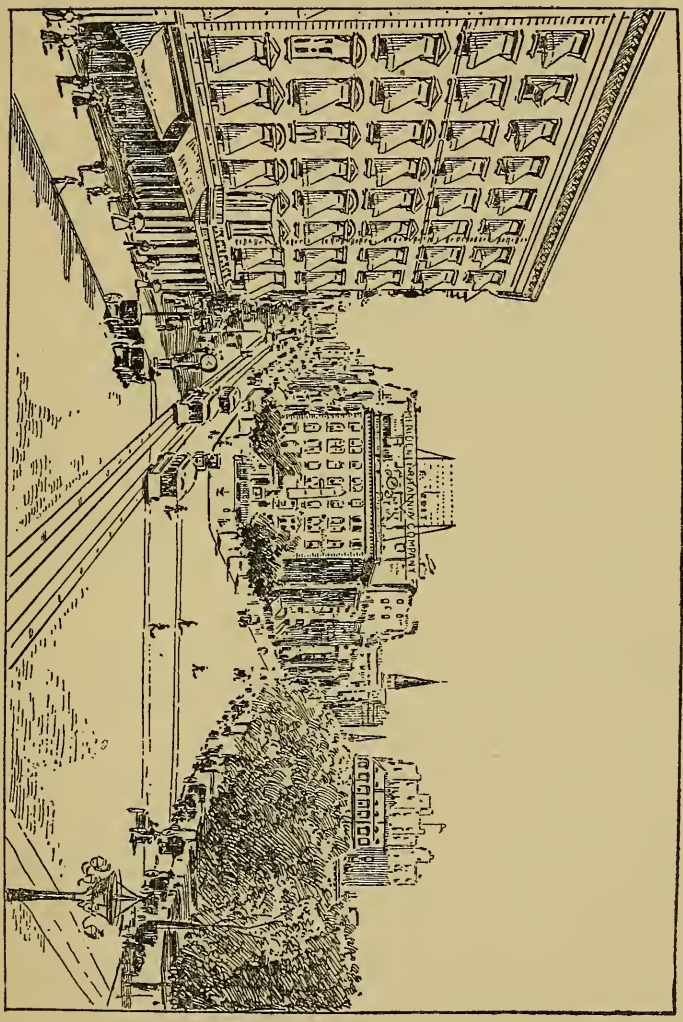


than in New York; so many things conspire to add to the satisfaction of the visitor; whether there on pleasure or on business, all unite in hearty praise. There is an air of substantial prosperity, as if it was being well looked after by the City fathers; but I feel ashamed, however, of what I once saw on a street car ride on the East Side, the densely populated and poorer district of the city with its over-crowding; but I only refer to this darker phase to be found in the life of large cities; however, it is not possible for us to enjoy life were we constantly to have before us a picture of how the other half of the world lives, nor is it desirable to have this experience hang over us like the sword of Damocles suspended by a hair. However, let us not be too overweening in our confidence as to forget that the danger to our civilization lurks in such breeding-places of vice.

After lunch, when the time arrives to leave for the steamer, we enjoy our first ride in an automobile, and the experience is decidedly pleasant with nothing in front of us as we speed down Broadway, at Madison Square turning down Fifth Avenue, and thence by sundry intricate ways which I can not recall, we at last arrive at the dock ready to embark.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

All who have crossed the ocean know that in the excitement and flurry of getting on board only our own affairs claim attention, and we often forget to



be decently polite. In this connection I would emphasize the fact that much discomfort will be avoided if the traveler makes it a point to be a little ahead of time in matters of keeping engagements; but nowhere are the rewards more manifest than in getting aboard a vessel for a trip abroad.

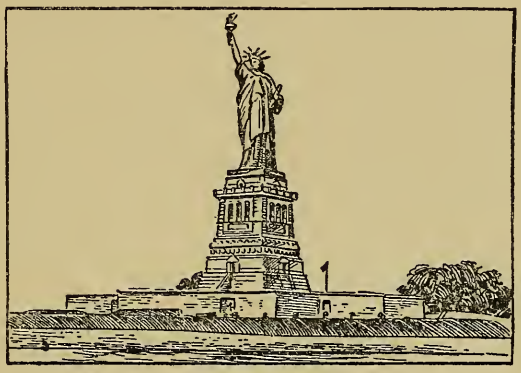
The first half hour is one of excitement, and we recall little of what happens therein; to tell the truth, most of us are not accountable for our actions, and I feel assured that the recording angel sheds a tear upon this record of man's selfish impatience and lack of consideration for the comfort of his fellows.

After the settling process, and we begin to feel that we can add nothing to our personal arrangements and comfort, we become cheery again, and some are quite hilarious in farewells to friends who have come to wish "bon voyage;" and then we are off.

The flutter of handkerchiefs from ship to shore, let us hope, are a type of the white wings of peace which may attend our voyage.

At last we are away, and feel just a little forlorn among the strange half-sad faces of those who take a long last look at the City, which now stands as the emblem of their native land, as it recedes into the distance, so soon to be shut out from view by the headlands in front of us;—Oh, Goddess of Liberty, standing with uplifted arm and torch! proclaiming liberty and brotherhood; not even in thy fair birthplace—France—shall we find such a scene of placid

grandeur and beauty as in New York harbor with its commingling of noisy maritime commerce; farewell, fair land!



FELLOW PASSENGERS.

The dinner gong sounds, the passengers assemble; some have sought "the Captain's table," as the acme of all that is perfect in the management of the ship, where the Master's eye is sharp to keep the stewards up to the excellence of the ship's standard; but having no special influence, and feeling bored by arrangements in general, I have bidden dull care adieu, and content myself with "pot luck," which now promises to be also "fool's luck" and good. On my left, on the right of our presiding officer, who, I am told, will be the Purser, sits an English lady, who has an air of that delicious freedom which comes with good breeding. I have been told that she has passed with honors the "tripos" examination in one of the sister colleges at Cambridge, England, and I am awed, and

feel as if walking on ice; her name is, I think, Miss Carey, and I have seen her pointed at, and heard the whisper "she's an Anarchist," which is most interesting, for not being overburdened with this world's goods, I feel that this class can have no grudge against me.

At first we are all very silent, and on our good behavior, so that Miss Carey, who has crossed and recrossed many times, turned to me and said, "Oh, dear me! why won't they talk; this is the dullest crowd I've ever seen?" but I sententiously reply, "wait till we get started."

The Purser being busy with financial matters does not favor us with his presence at our first meal, so that except from a few business remarks I know nothing of him, but he seems to be a nice young man, with a frank face, quiet laughing eyes and a mouth which indicates a firm, but gentle, purpose to keep straight in his accounting. He has won my heart, and I begin to think of the many hard problems we shall solve, little thinking as I look back that I reckoned without my host, and never dreaming that I had become a neophyte in the great school of theoretic accounting; thus is it ever that we build in the dark the foundations of character, and as the most important part of any material temple is laid far below the surface upon the bed rock, so also in character that which has been rough, crude and unsightly suddenly appears at the surface, and we hear the imperative command, Build!

Asking the reader's pardon for the digression, we

will return to dinner. Across the table from Miss Carey sits Mr. Goldey, who is a successful financier, and, by the way, is also an elder in the Church of Scotland. Judging from his manner, he is an educated and polished man of the world; but a mutual friend has told me he is a "stickler" for "orthodoxy," or, as he is pleased to style it, "the faith once delivered to the fathers." Next to Mr. Goldey, and directly opposite myself, is a young man called Mr. Golightly, of Boston, a recent graduate from Andover, who looks quite pale and fagged out, and also with that yellow tinge that comes when the liver fails to do its work, or has been overtaxed by baked beans and pie. I am always sorry for such students, who can not curb the lusts of the flesh within their powers of assimilation; but they have their reward.

"Mr. Golightly," says Mr. Goldey, "my friend, Mr. Minty, of Boston, writes me that you are in thought somewhat of a mystic, but a member in good standing in his Church, which I understand you colloquially call 'the orthodox church,' to distinguish it from the heterodox 'Unitarians.' I myself, am a 'true blue' Presbyterian, as were my fathers before me. I am pleased to have such a 'sound' young man beside me, and hope we may become friends."

At this speech I noticed that Mr. Golightly seemed to fidget rather uneasily, and he stammered out: "Well, Mr. Goldey, I like to be as honest with my friends as with myself, and while, as you say, I belong to 'the orthodox church,' I am not orthodox where orthodoxy is unscriptural." But he is cut short by

Mr. Goldey saying: "But, my dear boy, don't you know that orthodoxy is always scriptural, and also in accordance with common sense? What you require is a blue pill, and then you will be all right. I am troubled with a torpid liver sometimes, and know how the 'blue devils' feel; so brace up, and don't be an ass." To which friendly advice Mr. Golightly responds: "Well, I am not so sure . . . " but I fail to catch what follows, as the clatter of the plates shuts out the conversation across the table, and I am aware that Miss Carey has nearly finished her soup, while I have been only pretending to eat while drinking in the affairs of my neighbors.

Miss Carey informs me that she is a vegetarian, but upon scientific principles, as she understands the principles of food analysis, and the relative values of foods in point of nutriment; I can not recall all she recommended in place of meat; but cheese, nuts, grains and fruit played an important part in our discussion, and I am sure, with her rosy cheeks and bright, sparkling eyes, she would have carried conviction to even the most skeptical; but I could not refrain from a covert smile when she half-apologetically remarked that she only indulged in soup when she could not get her usual assortment of aliment; but I have no doubt in my mind that she considered it a rare treat, by the manifest relish she exhibited in its consumption.

Our first meal, which had such a quiet beginning, had a most felicitous close. Thus is it ever when one forgets one's self and becomes natural. I have

no doubt Miss Carey's secret comment at the end of this meal was, "I think I will like my neighbor; but oh, what a talker!" But then I do not think she should have been the one to find fault, for I had the greatest difficulty in getting a word in edgeways, and frequently, in sheer desperation, had literally to hold her with my eye, when I began to talk. "I have strange power of speech; that moment that his face I see, I know the man that must hear me; to him my tale I teach."

THE FIRST EVENING.

We pass over that delightful feeling of exhilaration and contentment which comes to one after a hearty and satisfactory repast, which condition is usually in order when one's jaded appetite has been touched up by the first sniff of the brine-laden breezes.

At 9 o'clock a small party of congenial spirits sit silently upon deck, and breathe in the majesty of our surroundings, and in that frame of mind, which is peculiarly adapted to moralizing; when we suddenly hear the soft muffled tones of our young Andover friend, who stands at the stern upon the lower deck, thus apostrophizing the elements, entirely oblivious to the fact that at times even decks have ears, and the night eyes: "Oh, ocean! with all thy glory and majesty, bear us onward unto our desired haven;" then after a short pause, I presume for inspiration. the sea becomes the object of his meditations: "Oh! pitiless Waves that rise and surge around us, and

then fall again into the lap of the Ocean; know ye not that we are your masters, and hold ourselves safe, even in your cold embrace;" then after a much longer pause, while we on the upper deck sit silently listening, some of us, I must confess, maliciously hoping that the young man's ravenous appetite may incapacitate him during the voyage, or at least his vital temperament may not be sufficient to stimulate his brain into such spiritual flights, as we are feeling that it is the material world that we have set out to enjoy, and at all events we had not bargained for this style of oratory; Miss Carey nudges me, almost at the expense of my dignity, I had no time to manifest that decorous reserve with which I had so often silenced the presumption of those who had taken liberties with me; thus attracting my attention, she whispered in my ear, "I think poor Golightly is going to have another attack," and we see his form standing out blackly against the darkness of the night, with both hands extended he is gazing at the phosphorescence in the wake of the vessel, and then as if its will-of-the-wisp fire had given him an idea he threw his arms upward, exclaiming with indiscreet fervor: "Oh Star illumined Heaven! what untold wonders dost thou encompass in thy dark depths—mysteries which our finite minds may not comprehend, but still the handiwork of our beneficent Creator; 'Oh Lord! what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him.' "

Now, all thought of levity has left us, and we feel ourselves in the presence of our Father, as with

bowed heads we accept the benediction of this unconscious priest as if our mothers had stooped over us and kissed us good night as when children nestled in our cribs at home; after a short period of silent communion we all quietly steal away to our staterooms without even a word to sully our contact with the Divine—the first day on board ship had closed.

THE SECOND DAY.

During the night a stiff breeze has been blowing, and the sea is running high, and alas for the weakness of poor humanity, only a few of last night's revelers appear at breakfast, and most of these with very serious and thoughtful countenances, but of course disclaiming any intentions of succumbing; I try to eat heartily, but the food does not seem to taste as it did last night, and I take no interest in it, but still mechanically eat what I can. After breakfast I return to my stateroom, and the close, stuffy atmosphere of same gives me a dreadfully uncomfortable foreboding; but, pshaw! What need I fear? So I dive into my grip for a copy of "Captain Courageous," and rush on deck, hoping to learn how seafaring mortals should disport themselves when facing stormy weather. Seating myself, I open the volume at the place where the fishermen are cleaning the fish, and I must admit that the vivid realism of Kipling's picture nauseates me in my present state of health. I read on bravely—the very worst thing I could have done—until my brain begins to reel and my eyes become dim. The type has a most objectionable dis-

position to become jumbled into an incomprehensible mass. To relieve my eyes, I follow the advice which I once received, and raised them to the sea, so as to change the focus and thus relieve the strain upon the optic nerve. I had not contemplated the water long before I began to feel quite squeamish, and could not, at the moment, understand why this should be, but the feeling is unmistakable. What is this horror which besets my very soul—this deadly Upas tree that blights my fondest hopes? Within me surges the stream of life—my heart grows faint, my nerves tingle, and each pore seems to prickle and rise up in protest; upon my brow break out the drops of agony and distress; my hands are clammy as with the touch of death; my mouth has a peculiar acrid taste. Oh, horrors! I am sick—sea-sick, and most sad; why will the ship not pause just for one moment and give me a slight respite! But the deck and waves seem to have conspired against me; the one goes up, the other down; even the heavens seem to be falling and rising with the tide. I bury my face in my hands and moan. I become suddenly aware of a peculiar churning sensation within me as if my inmost recesses had also turned traitor, and I feel I must get my throbbing head down somewhere or it will surely burst, so I think to fly to the cabin or perhaps I may be able to give expression to my woe in the solitude of my stateroom, if I can only have strength to get there; so I rush precipitously for the companionway, but, alas for my self-confidence—a lurch of the vessel sends me reeling across the deck to the other rail-

ing, and the fish are fed as I gaze with bated breath upon the swirl of waves as they sweep past me. I know that tears filled my eyes, and they burned as if on fire; my whole being felt as though some master passion had seized me, searched me, and then thrown me aside like a sucked orange. Oh, why do I not find relief after such dire humiliation and expiation? In my abject condition I do not wish for sympathy, and I think it most unkind of fellow passengers not to turn away their heads or leave the deck; but thus it is always, that true friendship or the reverse manifests itself in our affliction.

However, all the ills of humanity have their compensations, and as the day wore on the storm increased so that no one was allowed on deck, and very few even of those who had been most valiant were able to appear at lunch, while I lay on my berth vowing that I would not raise my head from the pillow throughout the voyage, as in this position alone was there to be found any relief.

The events which happened upon this second day seem to occupy a very unimportant place in my memory, and I can recall very little, except that late at night the Steward very kindly brought me a cup of beef tea and some dry toast, which I declared I could not touch, but upon being pressed I at last managed to eat a little, and almost immediately relapsed into the oblivion of sleep, from which I did not awake until late the next morning, delighted to find the sea almost as smooth as glass, the sun shining, and nearly everybody on deck.

A DAYBREAK IDYL.

I have never acquired the habit of early rising, and deprecated it when one has to rise before daybreak and breakfast by candle-light, but I can recall most pleasantly the exhilaration which each breath seemed to inspire upon a morning in early Summer, but perhaps more especially in Spring, when the soft haze of brilliant green is beginning to enshroud the bare trees, when the apple-blossoms and lilacs exhale that delicious incense of nature, and the robin-red-breast is hopping about on the lawn in search of nice juicy angle-worms, and all nature seems to throb in this annual regeneration.

The foliage, the blossoms and the birds come year after year, but is it not a sad thought that they are not our friends of a former year, as those have passed never to return? "And so the blessings which Heaven daily grants are in their very commonness forgot; we little heed what answereth our wants until it answers not."

On a sleeping-car one morning in June, daylight awakens me, and looking at my watch I find the hour is about five; daybreak is always a time of mystery, and we have been told the darkest hour is just before dawn, and know from experience in watching by the bed-side of sick friends that the watcher waits solemnly for the moment when as on the Judgment Day all things shall become manifest. The inspiration of dawn is particularly felt at sea, when darkness enshrouds the mighty deep, and in our ears is the sound of many waters, then the strain becomes in-

L. of C.

tense as we watch and wait for the morning, when away towards the East there comes the first gray streak on the horizon, and we hold our breaths as it gradually grows brighter and more bright, until the horizon imperceptibly changes from a dull gray to a pale orange, and then "the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun," for suddenly a point, as of fire, appears on the horizon, and at sea more quickly than elsewhere we see the sun arise grandly and quietly as he majestically mounts upon the wings of the morning in his chariot of pink, then we see the large red eye of day fixed upon us in blood-red splendor; higher and higher he mounts, changing to a smaller disc or ball of dazzling and burnished gold—thus is another day born.

The spell is upon us at the birth of a new day, as perhaps at no other time, and at such a time our thoughts are too deep for utterance; and we render unto the Great Spirit the sacrifice of silence, as did the Fire worshipers of old when they knelt down in their worship of the sun.

PART II.

A TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY

SIMPLEX.

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1900.

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Robert J. Buchanan.

THE AZORES.

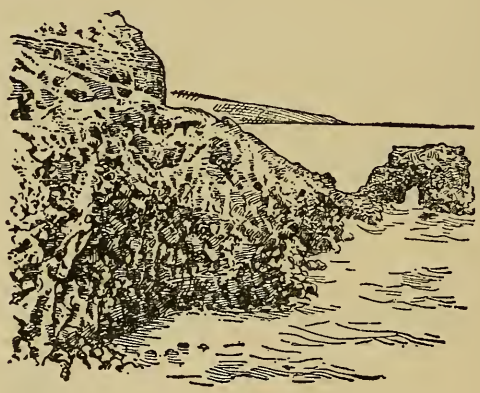
After a rather protracted voyage we appreciate the feelings of Columbus, when we know that land is near,-but the first islands of the Azores are passed in the night; we have, however, the pleasure of seeing the largest of these Portuguese possessions—the Island of San Miguel—and are somewhat surprised to find that its principal town, Ponta Delgada, has over 15,000 inhabitants. This island is most fertile,

and every available spot is under cultivation; the hillsides are green with verdure, and the little fields, like miniature gardens, are enclosed by hedges; the landscape appears like a patchwork quilt with heavy dark green herring bone stitching to cover the seams between the patches of lighter green.

The Azores, or Western Islands, are very fertile, their chief products being wheat, barley, corn, pine-

apples, oranges and grapes; and all are so closely cultivated that in places the volcanic rock has been blasted to receive plants.

Trade was formerly confined to Lisbon, but under more favorable conditions direct intercourse has been established with England, America and other countries; steamers run frequently to Portugal and England, so we find ourselves again in the midst of civilization, a different condition from that which Colum-



bus and his followers found after their disheartening voyage when they at last sighted the West Indies.

As we circle around the southern coast of San Miguel we see small boats in the harbor, manned we presume by Portuguese seamen, so dark is their complexion; the waving of hands and hats in the wildest gesticulation convinces us of the deep feelings of respect entertained for us Americans.

As San Miguel passes to our wake we see the dark brown, rock-bound coast, off which many sharp soli-

tary rocks protruding above the surface of the water threaten shipwreck to unfortunate mariners who may be driven upon them by the elements; but withal the warm seal brown gives the necessary color effect to emphasize the lovely emerald tints of the island's vegetation.

After passing the Azores we conclude that we are almost at Gibraltar, but find our preconceived ideas of the coast line of Europe are on a par with most preconceived notions, not vindicated by fact; it was about three days thereafter when we sighted land at Gibraltar.

Our first view of the Spanish coast came upon us quietly, as the dark shadows in the mists at the horizon to our left and right gradually developed into the coast lines of Europe and Africa, and as we sail toward the Straits of Gibraltar there seems to be snow upon the Spanish hills to our left, so white is the driven sand upon their slopes; thenceforth the panorama is most fascinating; we proudly proceed between the "Pillars of Hercules," with the ensign of England at the forward masthead, and the stars and stripes at the rear indicating whence we come; it must be conceded that these emblems represent a combination worthy of the prowess of Hercules.

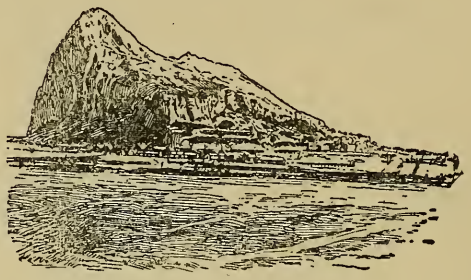
Before us rises the great rock—Gibraltar—in all its rugged grandeur, emphasizing, by contrast, the loveliness of the surrounding country in that beautiful province of Spain, Andalusia.

When in the Bay of Gibraltar around us lies anchored a portion of the Mediterranean squadron of

Great Britain. In this maritime scene we see a pair of gigantic cranes used to handle stone for the harbor improvements; while close by are two lightships, one painted red, the other green; at night they are thus illuminated as they indicate the channel.

LANDING AT GIBRALTAR.

The first step upon foreign soil is one to try the spirit of the most audacious, when local townsmen



gather around with their wares, or with the offer of services which one feels coerced into accepting; now comes the time for the cool calculating head and quiet determined action, for he who hesitates is lost.

In a crowd it is not always desirable to be first, especially upon strange territory where a study of local contingencies is profitable. First become accustomed to new conditions before facing problems presented thereunder; a poor plan well executed excels the best of generalship weakly administered; have then some definite purpose, to be adhered to in the face of opposition until a manifestly better way is suggested. Thus the writer introduced himself to the "Scorpions," as the natives of Gibraltar are called,

and had a most felicitous visit to this land of the rock, and it seemed that we were capturing this mighty fortress as our party scaled the fortifications and had a most delightful sojourn of three hours.

The population of Gibraltar is an intermingling of races. The most picturesque costumes are those of the Moors, whom we now see for the first time; around us swarm the little dark-hued "muchachos," or children, who clamor for pennies, and often get them, as their picturesque appearance appeals to the visitors.

Upon our arrival we are told that many of the British officers were attending the "gymkana," or public sports, the word being borrowed from India. It is apparent that the foreign residents require some mutual recreation, as the sight of Gibraltar, with its barren surroundings, speaks most eloquently of the monotonous routine in the lives of the men quartered here, who for the most part have come from very different surroundings in their native land.

Our principal interest lies in the fortifications, which are reached by going up through a narrow defile cut into the rock, forming a stairway of gradual ascent, the surface of the hillside being higher than our heads, and at each side of this narrow road, runs carry off the surplus rain. This approach is intended as a protection in reaching the galleries during bombardment.

The galleries are huge tunnels cut through solid rock, with frequent rooms to the left, from which portholes are cut for the reception of cannon. We

saw only a few guns, of antiquated design, but understood that the more modern armament was placed in the higher galleries, to which access was not usually permitted.

We ascend only half way into the fortifications, and, looking out of one of the portholes, see the sheer cliffs below us, while perched high up above, upon the summit, is Fort St. George and the signal station. Before leaving, we look out from one of these portholes over the country, and see below us the public sports to which reference has been made. Further along there is a strip of neutral ground, between Spanish and British territory. In the former is the "Honemaje," or bull-fighting arena. Upon descending, we have a most delightful carriage drive, visiting the park, which is most beautiful with its tropical foliage, the pepper trees speaking to us eloquently of California. Then we return to the dock through the quaint streets lined with shops having peculiar signs, a strange intermingling of the names of all nationalities, and arrive in time to take the last launch to our vessel, which lies moored in the bay. We then bid our courteous courier "Addios, senor."

At eight o'clock in the evening we raise anchor and continue our voyage; those taking a last look at the Rock see a sudden flash, unaccountable until is heard the boom of a cannon, a regular occurrence when the flag is lowered for the night, repeated when it is again raised in the morning; we who are senti-

mental are pleased to accept this as our parting salute from the mighty fortress.

The night scene as we finally bid adieu is most fascinating:

"Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watchfires
Answering one another through the darkness."

The rock of Gibraltar, and its town nestling upon the hillside at its base, with the old Moorish castle upon the higher foreground, become gradually indistinct as twilight gently softens the rugged lines of nature into softer curves and dim uncertainties—it is again night.

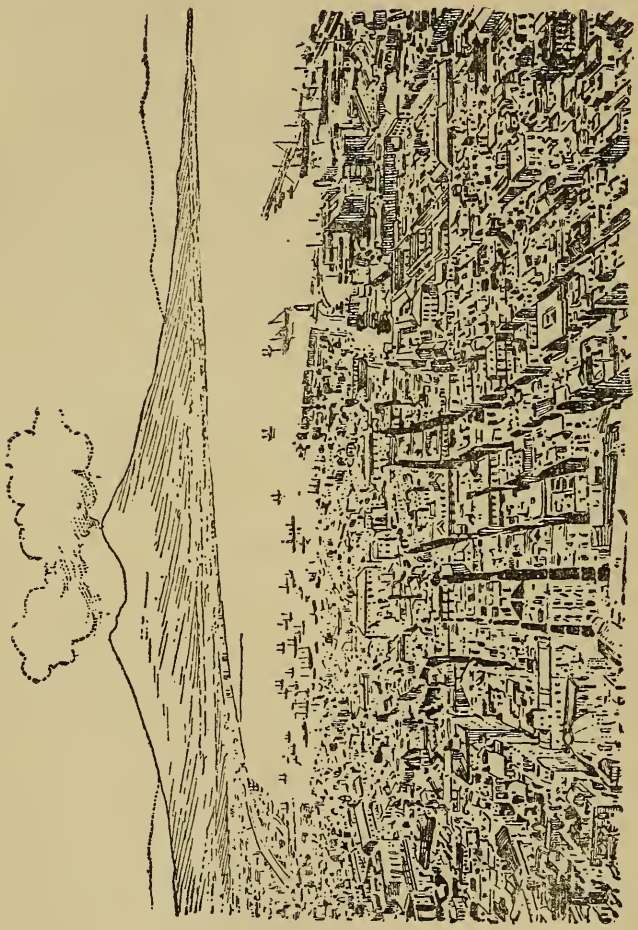
The mystic beauty of this, our first evening upon the placid Mediterranean sea will linger in our memories when other more obtrusive pleasures have faded.

Our voyage thenceforth, until we pass the Island of Sardinia, is similar to that upon the Atlantic except that the waters from some unknown cause, have changed from green and become a deep blue; we pass along through these peaceful waters beyond the sight of land and hope, in about twenty hours, to see fair Italy.

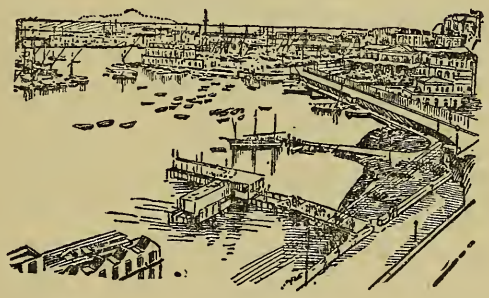
Next morning at about six we pass Sardinia, not close enough to examine the coast line in detail, but the general effect is that of a mountain range with numerous smaller foothills in the foreground.

BAY OF NAPLES.

At last our voyage nears its completion, for we expect to arrive in the Bay of Naples during the night,

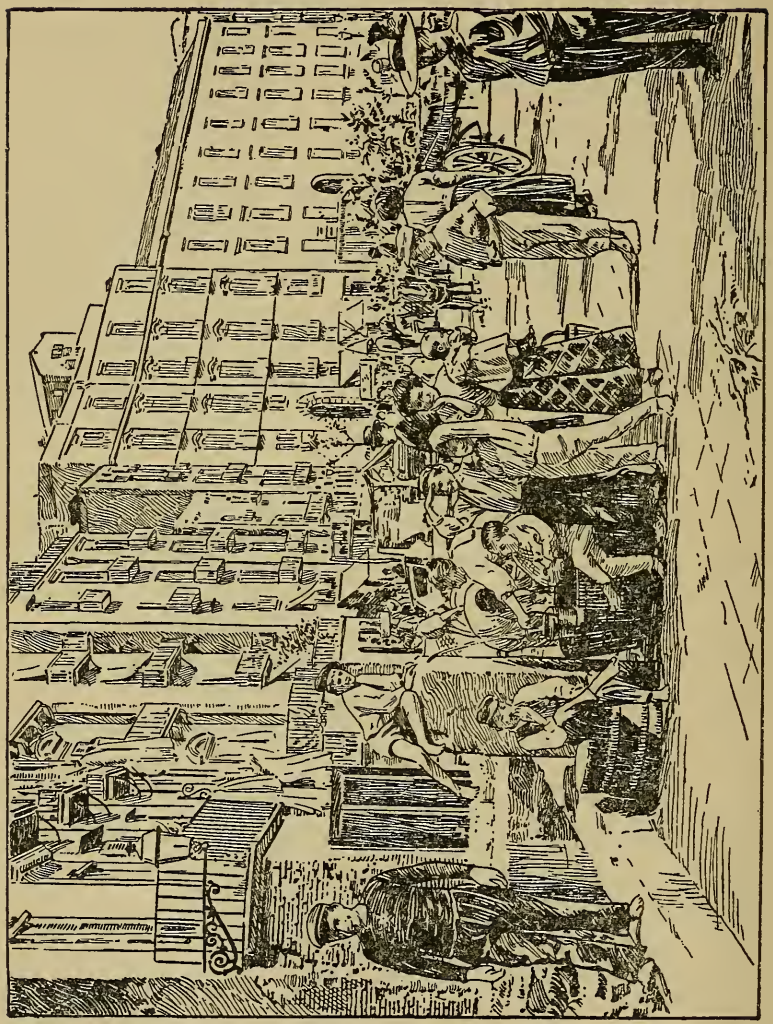


but will not land until morning; almost everyone remains on deck until late into the night, to catch the first glimpses of Vesuvius, which look at first like the reflection from an iron works; in the distance it is only barely discernible, but as we approach there seems to be a great red gash in the hillside from which issue clouds of smoke, reflecting the fires which surge at their source. At last we anchor and seem in fairyland, surrounded by so many lights of varying colors, and a line of bright illumination defines for us the shore of the Bay of Naples. The writer lingers upon deck, and upon retiring after midnight finds himself unable to sleep, so is up before sunrise to enjoy the beauties of the situation.



NAPLES.

The scene around our vessel by degrees becomes lively, as one by one native rowboats approach with occupants who interview the Italian steerage passengers, negotiating with them in favor of some hotel or boarding house for which patronage is desired; later on, boats laden with a great variety of fruits surround us and market women jabber for patronage.

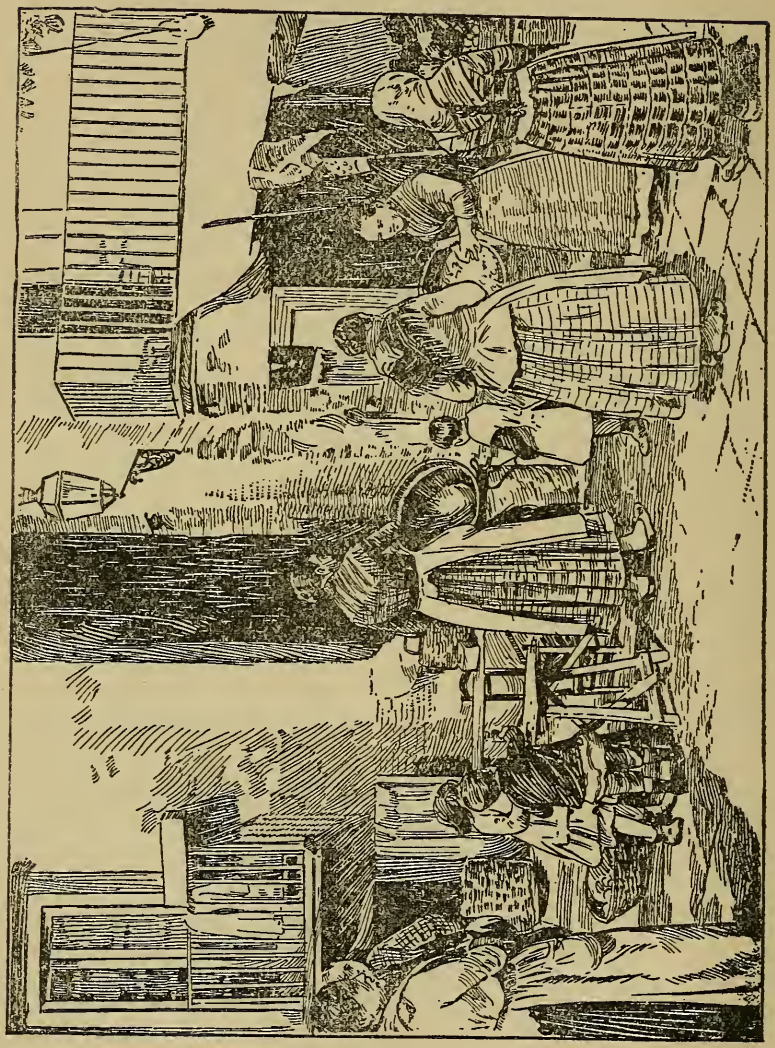


Upon landing, we drive to our hotel, which faces upon the bay, directly across which we have a splendid view of Vesuvius with its smoke by day and fire by night; it is appropriately named the Hotel Vesuve.

The streets of Naples swarm with peddlers who urge their wares upon strangers with the persistence of beggars; it takes all one's fund of Italian words to cope with them, but a knowlege of their racial peculiarities is more important than of mere words, as the Italians emphasize their ideas by gesticulations, sometimes so fierce as to cause consternation in the uninitiated; this, however, is only their inborn instinct of oratory; the writer to end a dispute with a cabman seized him by the shoulders and gave him a friendly shake, then further argument was unnecessary, as the native bystanders declared that he was a "Buono Huomo," or good man. Thus this touch of nature had made two continents akin.

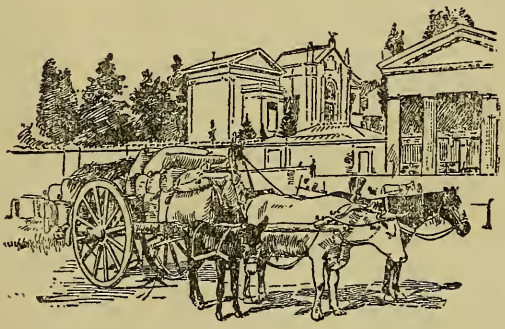
In this foreign land we see many strange sights, but none more quaint than a cart drawn by a cow, assisted on the left by a diminutive horse, while upon the right a little donkey added her strength; we cannot believe that such a combination is common, but are told that many small farmers thus utilize every available animal for such work; cows and horses are often hitched together, and long-horned oxen, after such incongruities, seem quite proper, although unusual in America, except in the backwoods.

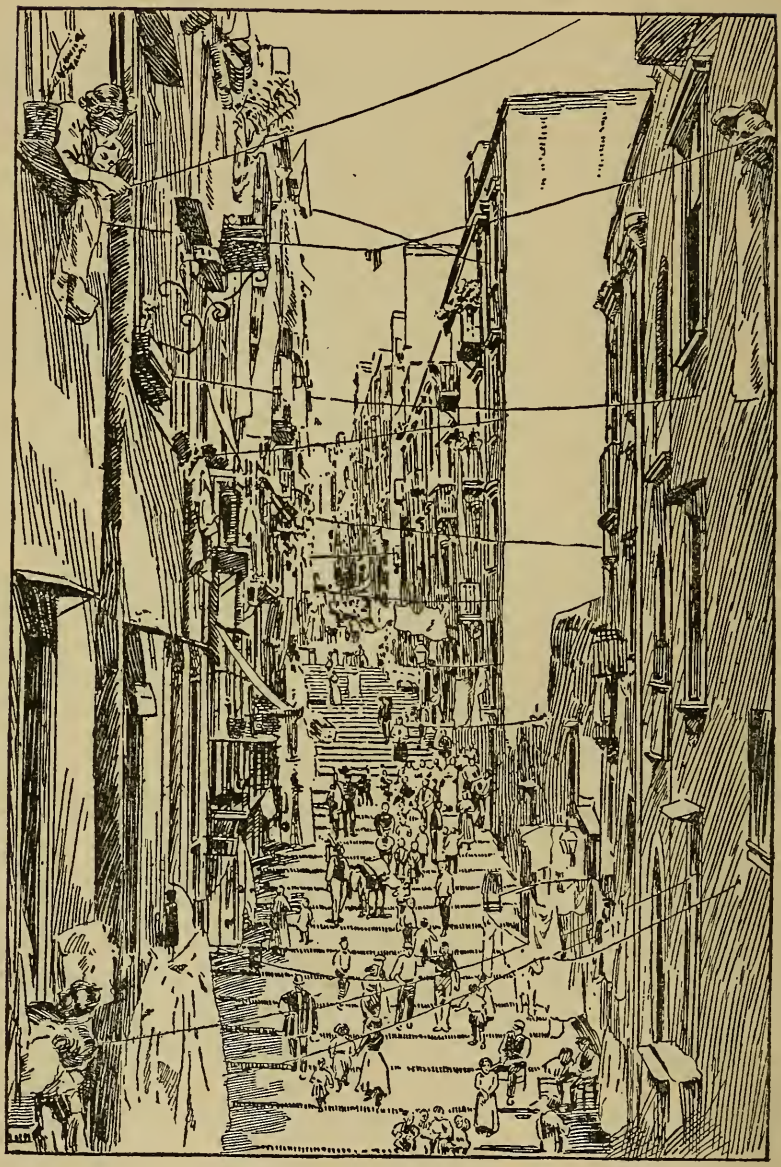
As we desire to visit Paris without unnecessary delay we pass through Italy, and hurriedly visit the chief cities, after which we visit Switzerland; Ger-

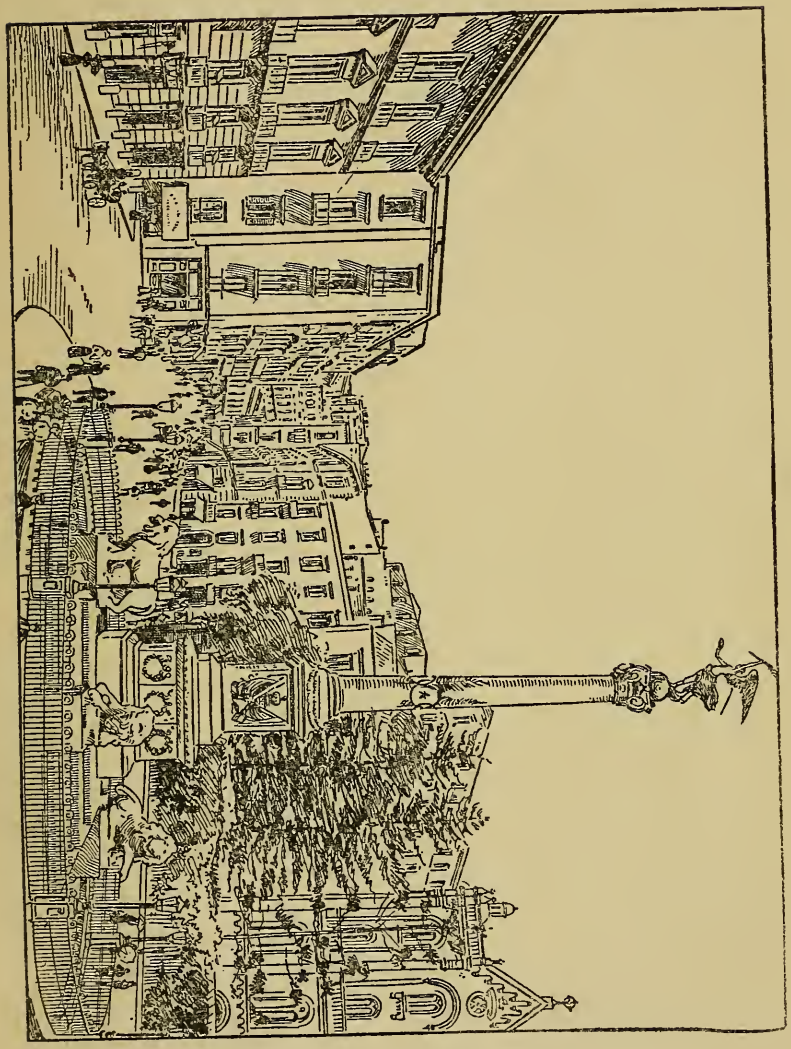


many; going by boat down the historic Rhine and thus by way of Cologne we arrive at Paris.

It is a delightful experience to hear everyone talking fluently in a language of which we only know a few words, teaching us that there are other interests in the world than those of which we have been the center.







PART III.

PARIS IN THE DAWN OF 1900.

BY

SIMPLEX.

CHICAGO:
SIMPLEX PUBLISHING COMPANY,
73 WEST ADAMS STREET,
1900.

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by
Robert J. Buchanan.

RETROSPECT.

Before describing "Paris in the Dawn of 1900," let us consider her condition when this present century was ushered in.

Across our imagination falls the dark and ominous shadow of the Bastile, which typified the oppression under which the people groaned.

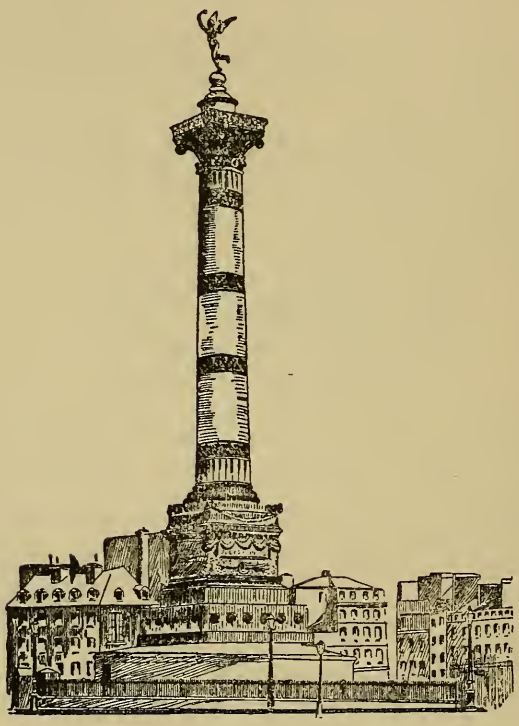
> "Oh, suffering, sad humanity!
> Oh, ye afflicted ones, who lie
> Steeped to the lips in misery,
> Longing, and yet afraid to die,
> Patient, though sorely tried."

How true it was, that the darkest hour was just before the dawn, in which liberty arose, blood-red and enshrouded by darkness almost impenetrable. But at last the day broke and liberty shone with ever-increasing lustre. In France, and indirectly in the whole world, a new day had dawned.

Upon the site of the Bastile now stands the Colonne de Juillet, or Column of July, commemorating its fall, typifying the equality of rights which came after the Revolution had swept away the odious past, and had ushered in a new day of freedom; but oh, what a dawn!

Upon the threshold of the twentieth century one can hardly realize that in the spacious and beautiful Place de la Concorde, the hellish work of the guil-

lotine flourished with all its fury of Satanic triumph, which was followed by that regime of reconstruction, when Napoleon shaped the destinies of Europe, crushing out of France the spirit of rebellion, unifying her people by his consummate generalship.



Paris, the queen of modern cities, has indescribable grace which charms the visitor, and her history is well nigh incredible, when one recalls that portion of it where in an atmosphere of luxury Art flourished, as it always will under similar conditions; then followed that period of wanton debauchery wherein the

nobility ground the common people into the dust by unequal laws, in order that their wantonness might be ministered unto. This was the time when the Bastile flourished with all its untold horrors, when "Lettres de Cachet" gave almost any irresponsible young reveller the power to blast the lives of his fellows, and condemn to indefinite imprisonment or worse; when "off to the Bastile" struck terror into many inoffensive hearts, and made possible that dire retribution which followed these outrages against the inalienable rights of humanity, when the masses arose, and perpetrated the horrid sanguinary carnage of the French Revolution; but we are almost compelled to exclaim: "There was no other expiation!" Then many a fair, innocent heart, which knew no malice, fluttered like that of a dove in the snare of the fowler; and poor, guileless worshipers at the shrine of Fashion were hunted to death like wild creatures; and so many innocent heads, from the very flower of the nobility, fell to atone for the past class outrages against humanity, for which the individuals were in no way responsible.

PARIS THE ART CENTER.

The approaching exposition of 1900 directs to Paris the attention of the world, as our sister republic is making elaborate preparations for her duties as hostess.

Paris as an art center is best understood if one first makes a tour through Italy, and it is a reminiscent pleasure to come across reproductions of old

friends in art; here also are many of the masterpieces of the world.

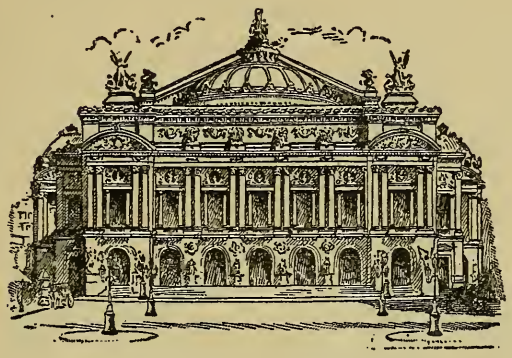
Leaving our hotel on the Rue Castiglione, we proceed to the Place Vendome, with its magnificent Colonne Vendome, copied after the Column of Trajan at Rome; upon its summit is a bronze statue of Napoleon I.

Continuing through the Place Vendome by the Rue de la Paix, directly opposite the Rue Castiglione,

we see beyond the Place de l'Opera, the Grand Opera House, with its magnificent facade beautified by many handsome columns and enriched by exquisite carvings and statuary.

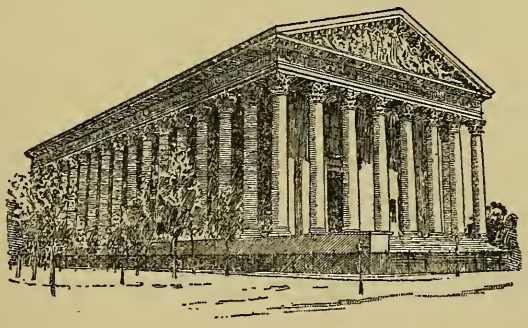
In every direction from the Place de l'Opera radiate spacious boulevards lined with trees and gay with Parisian life.

Passing to the left along the Boulevard des Capucines, one of the main thoroughfares leading out of



the Place de l'Opera, we shortly arrive at the beautiful Madeleine Church.

This grand structure stands like an ancient temple, surrounded by magnificent columns; under the

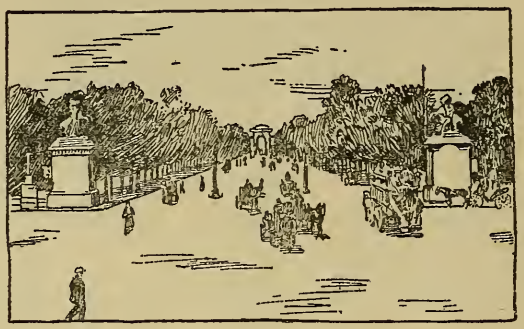


pediment are words in French, which, translated, mean "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Diverging slightly to our left, we proceed along the Rue Royale, which leads from the Madeleine

Church to the Place de la Concorde, in the center of which, upon the site of the Guillotine, stands the Luxor Obelisk of Red Egyptian Granite, telling its story by strange hieroglyphs, which the elements for centuries have failed to obliterate.

Arriving at the obelisk we turn to the left and see the beautiful Jardin des Tuileries, at the end of which



rises the Arch du Carrousel, and beyond is the Palace of the Louvre.

Turning in the opposite direction, we see the world renowned Champs Elysees, at whose entrance are two magnificent equestrian statuary groups.

Looking up this enchanting boulevard, we see the Arc de Triomphe in the distance, and realize that our dreams of Paris have materialized.

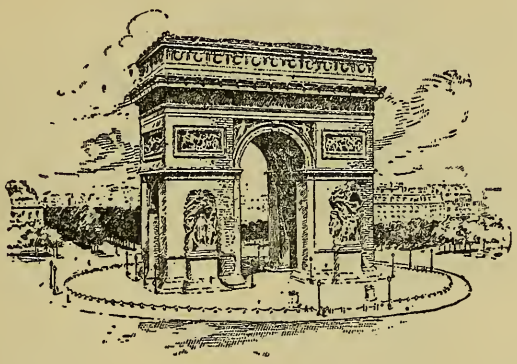
A most delightful walk brings us to that magnificent memorial of Victory—the Arch of Triumph commenced by the great Napoleon.

This arch is further designated the "Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile," being situated upon high ground,

and at least twelve prominent thoroughfares radiating from it, as from a star.

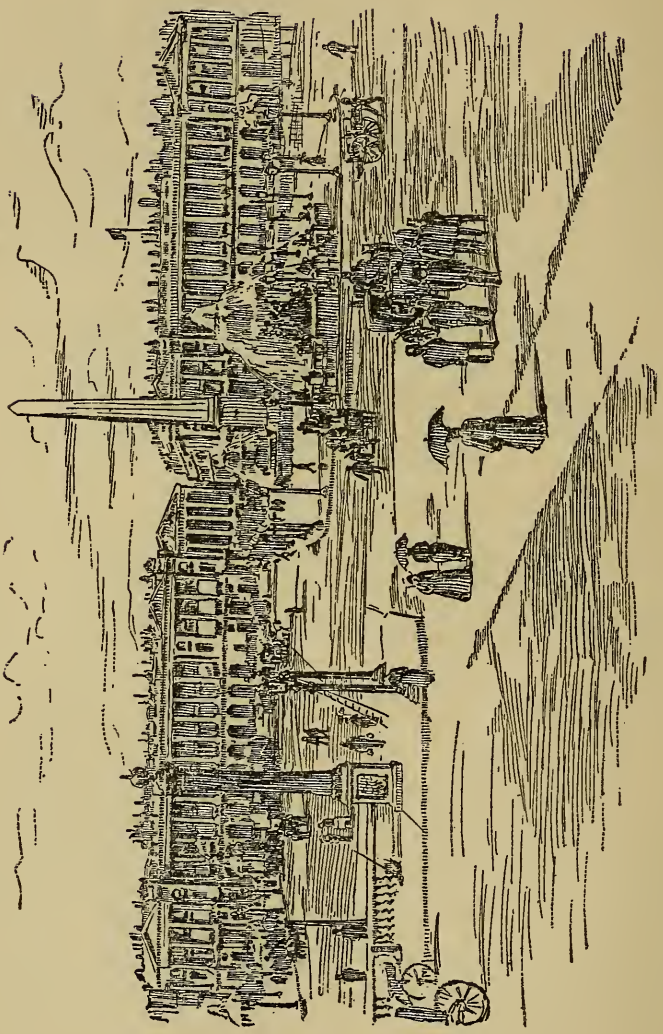
This monument comprises a central arch, into which a smaller arched way enters from either side, and nothing can surpass its grandeur. The sculptures are very fine and the guide books give full information concerning these works of art.

Retracing our steps, we admire the avenue of entrancing beauty down which we walk, until again in that magnificent Place de la Concorde.

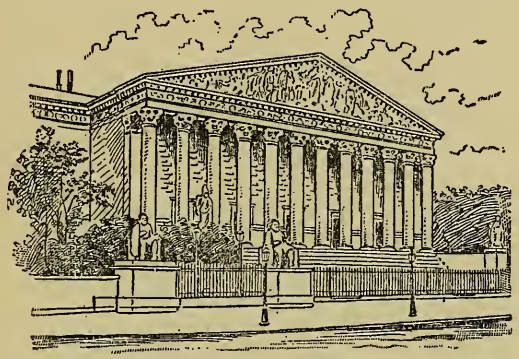


To our right and directly opposite the point at which we entered the Place de la Concorde, we see, across the bridge of the same name, the Chambre des Deputes, or the Corps Legislatif, above and beyond the roof of which, in the distance, rises the gilded dome of the Invalides, where are entombed the ashes of Napoleon.

Before crossing the river, we look back and enjoy a view of surpassing grandeur.



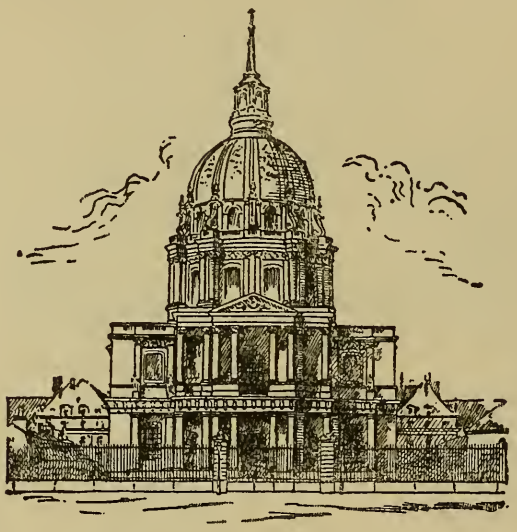
In the background stands the beautiful Madeleine at the end of the Rue Royale, and at its point of entry into the Place de la Concorde, on either side of the Rue Royale stands a palatial edifice; the one on the left is the residence of some wealthy family, that on the right is occupied by the Minister of Marine. Surrounding the Place de la Concorde are statuary groups representing the principal cities of France; among these is that of the poor, exiled sister city of



Strasburg, and upon this monument are laid each year the emblems of mourning; a society being pledged to remember this despoliation of France by the Germans, and to rest not until the wrong is righted; but we must not forget that the Germans were the original possessors of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

While crossing the River Seine by the Pont de la Concorde, we have before us the Palais Bourbon, or Chambre des Deputes, a stately building, whose pediment is supported by twelve magnificent columns.

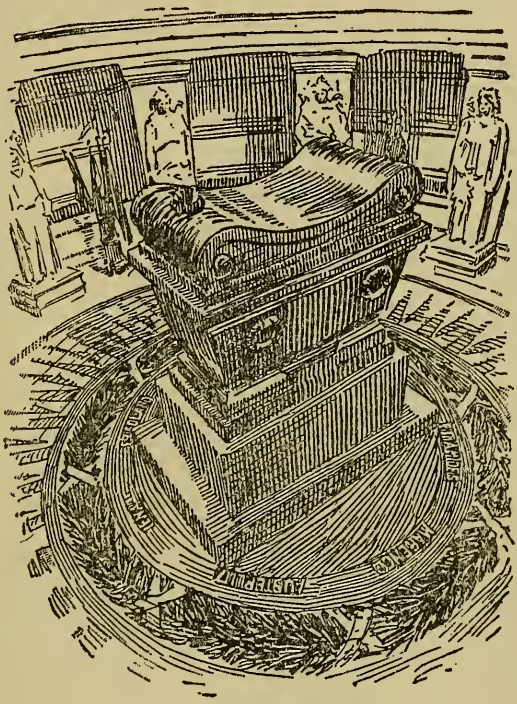
A short walk brings us to another place of special interest in the Church of the Invalides, with the tomb of Napoleon, which naturally attracts attention, not alone for its grandeur, but as the last resting place for the ashes of this wonderful man, who loved his country dearly; perhaps unwisely at times, and with an ambition which used the people for his personal and family aggrandizement; we must not



too harshly criticise this feature of his career, as it no doubt was a necessary part of his plan for the general glorification of France. But as his last hours came, with the monotonous beating of the waves against his rock-girt prison—St. Helena—a great homesickness must have stirred his soul when he made known his last wishes: "I desire that my ashes repose upon the banks of the Seine, among

the French people, whom I have loved so much." To this hero of so many victories, France in the present day at least pays her greatest tributes of respect and admiration.

Beneath the dome of the Invalides, and within a circular well-like crypt lined with brown granite,



having twelve statues representing angels watching over the sacred dust, lie the remains of Napoleon within a sarcophagus of polished red Russian porphyry, which is supported upon a block of polished green granite; inlaid into the pavement and encircling the sarcophagus are the names of his victories,

surrounded by a huge wreath of laurel encircled and bound by purple bands, emblematic of victory and mourning; the outermost pattern in the pavement represents the conventionalized rays of the sun, typifying the effulgence of his fame.

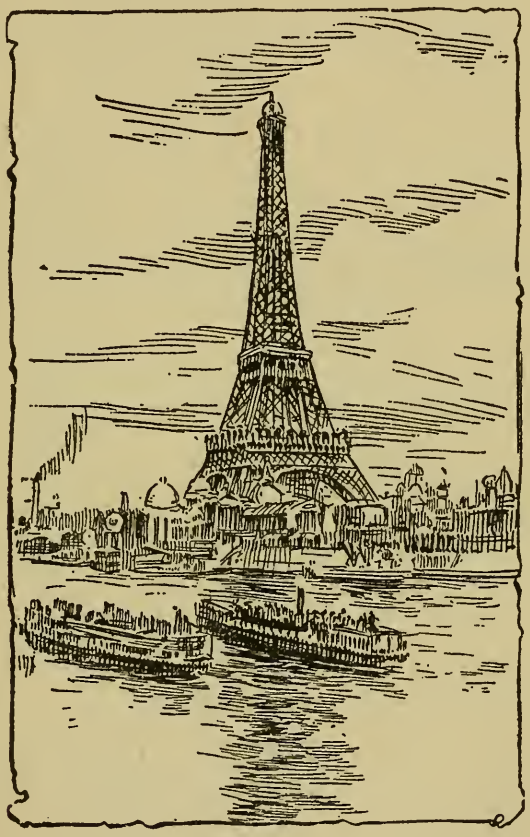
Upon the side walls of this chapel, and directly opposite Napoleon's tomb, are two monuments; that of the famous engineer Vauban on the right, on the left that of Marechal Turenne.

It is not intended to describe in detail the beauties of this place, but merely to call attention to them. Before leaving this beautiful shrine, we note the magnificent canopy at the rear, supported by four twisted columns of black and white marble, beneath which is a bronze figure of Christ upon a golden cross; this canopy is a reproduction of a similar one in St. Peter's, at Rome; this one appears to better advantage, having the light streaming upon it from both sides, through amber windows.

Leaving the interior of the Invalides, we take a farewell look at the exterior of this truly magnificent mausoleum, with its stately gilded dome; and not without regret take leave of it to visit the Champs de Mars, where the main buildings of the Exposition are to be found; now we hear the hum of the busy workmen, as the beautiful palaces slowly arise to take their places in this fair city; some of them are of temporary construction, while others will remain as permanent memorials.

Upon either side of the river Seine are rising buildings of stone and composite, and some handsome

structures are doomed to be torn down, to construct a magnificent new approach to the Champs de Mars from the Champs Elysees, that the Exposition may be brought into closer communication with the North Side of the city.



The Tour Eiffel, as in the previous exposition, rears its tall and gracefully curved shaft upon the Champs de Mars in the midst of the Exposition grounds and at the intersection of two thoroughfares

which it spans by four arches, upon which it rises skyward in grace and beauty, as fresh in its charms as when completed ten years ago, a masterpiece of mechanical engineering.

One may secure the best idea of the Exposition grounds from the first or second stage of the Tour Eiffel, the final stage being too lofty for an examination of the details.

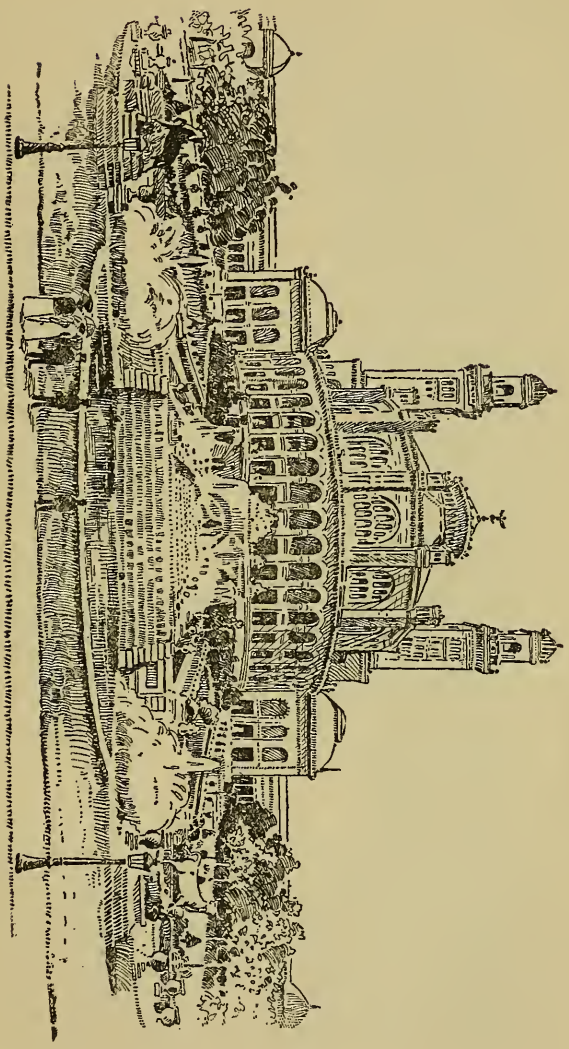
It is not the object of this sketch to furnish descriptions in detail, as local guide books do that, but it is hoped that the environs of the Exposition may be brought before the reader, that he may enjoy in anticipation this city of surpassing interest and beauty.

Leaving the Tour Eiffel, we cross the river by the Pont d'Iena at this point and see before us the most charming Trocadero, one of the permanent buildings of the last Exposition.

Its construction is unique: On either side of the main building, which is of circular form, rises a graceful square tower, while from the sides, crescent wings encircle a charming little park, and in these wings are enshrined many art treasures.

From the Trocadero gushes a magnificent fountain, flowing over numerous cascades and making a most refreshing picture.

Leaving the Place du Trocadero, we cross the river by the Pont de Passy to the boat landing and see upon our right a reproduction in bronze of the familiar Goddess of Liberty statue by Bartholdi, but



of much smaller size, being only one-tenth that of the original in New York harbor.

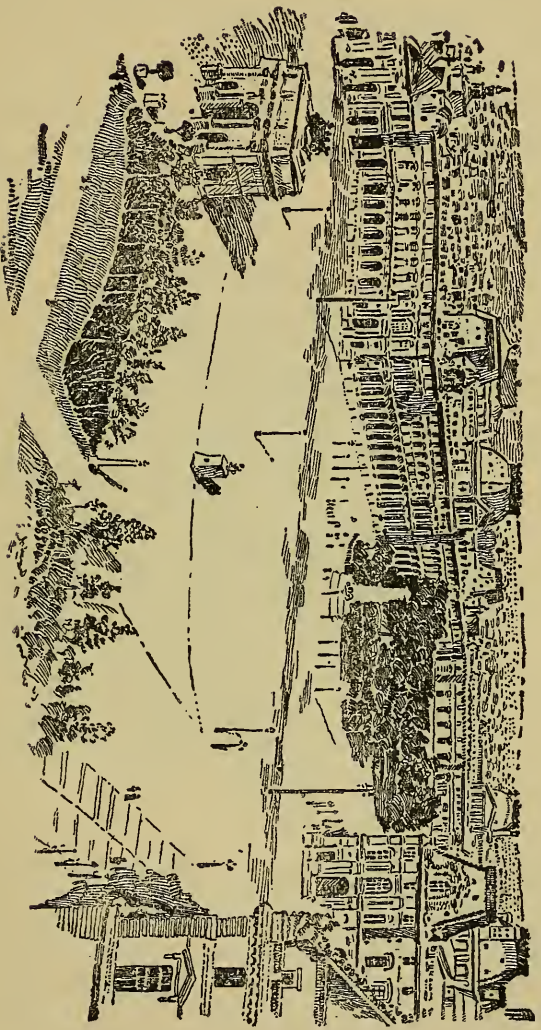
In making this delightful boat excursion, we pass through that portion of the city devoted to the Exposition, now the scene of so much activity. In passing the grounds, upon our right in process of construction is a wide esplanade, under which in a bridged subway, will run the trains destined to carry the immense crowds expeditiously into the very heart of the exposition. Immediately opposite upon the left bank of the river rise quaintly constructed buildings, which are designed to represent "Old Paris."

Over the river at about this point is being thrown a magnificent new bridge called Pont Alexandre III., which crosses the river by a single span and completes the connecting link between the Champs Elysees and the Champs de Mars; at either entrance of this bridge rise two fine square pillars of granite.

Continuing on our way, passing on the right bank the Chambre des Deputes and on the left the Place de la Concorde and Jardin des Tuileries, we arrive at the Pont Royal, where we land.

Crossing the river by the Pont Royal, we find ourselves at the Palace of the Louvre, the buildings of which form three sides of a square. The wing to our left is occupied by the Colonial Offices, that to the right by several of the offices of the Finance Minister; while the art galleries are to be found in that portion in the rear, which faces us.

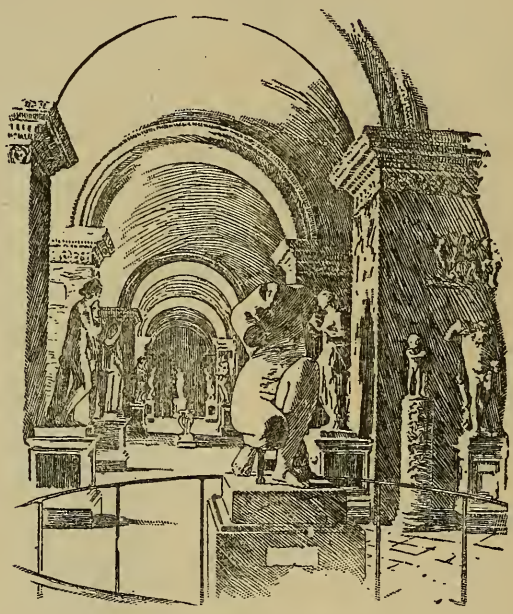
Entering the Art Galleries, we see many of the masterpieces which are so highly prized by connois-



seurs—that which is considered most valuable of all the treasures is the Venus de Milo.

We leave the Louvre with regret, after a most profitable tour of inspection, having received the nucleus for much thought.

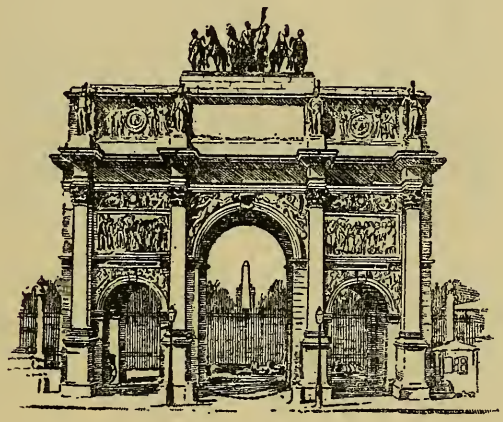
In front of the Louvre stands the beautiful monument to Gambetta and directly opposite is the Arc



du Carrousel, which stands at the head of the Jardin des Tuileries; it was originally the gateway to the palace of that name, and is a reproduction of the Arch of Severus at Rome; particular attention is directed to the magnificent bronze group which adorns its top.

From this point we have a magnificent view; be-

yond the gardens we see the Obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde and further on the magnificent boulevard, the Avenue des Champs Elysees, which leads up to the Arc de Triomphe. Before leaving this spot, we may recall the fact that the palace of the Tuileries which stood beyond the Arc du Carrousel was burned by the Communists in 1871.



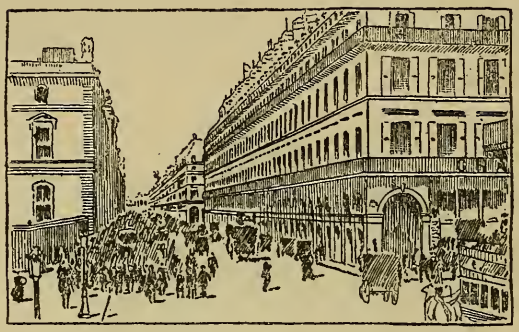
It may puzzle some to understand how stone buildings were so easily destroyed by fire, having so little woodwork, but the process was simple enough; during the Commune, fire engines drenched the limestone buildings with kerosene and a match applied, the structures were enveloped in flame and calcination did the rest.

Passing along the Rue des Tuileries, we see the small gilded equestrian statue of Joan of Arc.

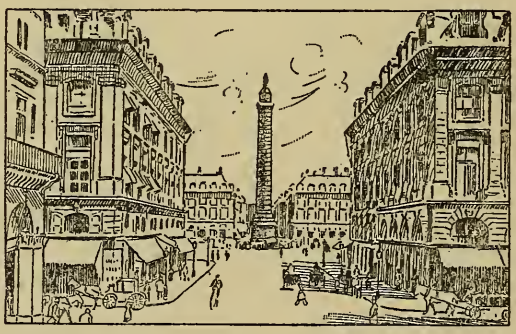
Turning to the right, we make a short visit to the Palais Royal, where may be found desirable cafes

and also many shops. This is one portion of the city usually thronged by shoppers.

Returning to the Rue de Rivoli, we pass along beneath arcades where the shopkeepers display their wares most temptingly.



A short walk with the Jardin des Tuileries on our left brings us once more to the Rue Castiglione, into which we turn to the right, and have before us a splendid view of the Colonne Vendome.



We are quite satisfied, when, at last, the hospitable portals of our hotel are reached, and we may rest from our labors.

PART IV

LONDON
THE METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD

BY

SIMPLEX.

CHICAGO:
SIMPLEX PUBLISHING COMPANY,
73 West Adams Street,
1900.

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by
Robert J. Buchanan.

LONDON OF TODAY.

London, the metropolis of the world, stands unrivaled in its commercial and political history; it is difficult to form an adequate conception of its magnitude.

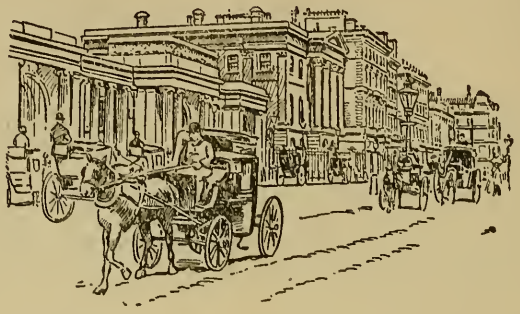
London within her limited area is more populous than the combined states of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and in that small section called the city it has been said that realty is valued at an equivalent of ten million dollars per acre, although one can hardly imagine any of it being for sale even at this fabulous price.

Some one has remarked that the principal thoroughfares of England lead to London, and we know that in British Imperial politics London is the great center of economic life, for here are fostered the most potent activities of the world.

We will, however, visit only the most prominent points of interest in London, hoping that they may be remembered when the writer has been forgotten.

As a matter of convenience, we begin our tour at Hyde Park Corner, with its magnificent three arched gateway, with intervening columns, on the

right is the residence of the Duke of Wellington, having a handsome portico adorned by pillars; after entering Hyde Park upon our left diverges Rotten Row, a magnificent equestrian promenade, upon



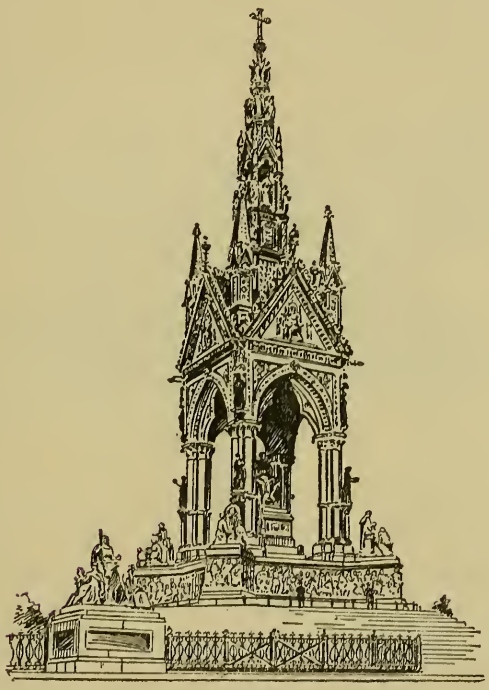
which no carriages are tolerated with the exception of one, that of Queen Victoria, whose presence there is hailed with great acclaim. The wheels of her carriage may mark the brown surface of "The Row,"

and add interest to its surroundings, but no one else must usurp this prerogative of royalty.

In Hyde Park near the western end of Rotten Row, London's greatest resort for fashionable riders, stands the Albert Memorial resplendent in all its

grace and beauty; this is said to be one of the finest monuments in the world and we do not doubt the assertion, when its gilded splendor and the artistic effect of its adornment appear before us; encrusted with rare stones, it presents the appearance of a gem.

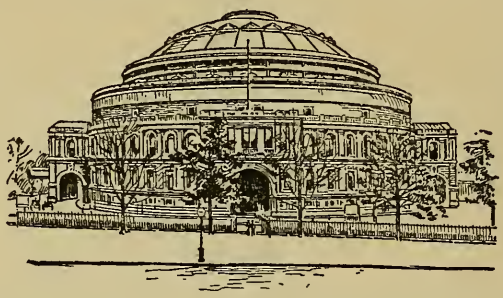
This Memorial is a testimonial to the memory of the late Prince Consort, and cost about six hundred



thousand dollars. Queen Victoria gave a handsome royal donation; a large proportion of the outlay was raised by popular subscription, the balance, of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was appropriated by an Act of Parliament.

In architecture the Albert Memorial is Gothic,

consisting of a canopy supported by clustered columns of granite and tapering to a graceful spire which rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, finished off by a magnificent cross of gilded bronze; beneath the canopy is a seated figure of the late Prince, also in gilded bronze. Upon each of the four corners at the base, are statuary groups representing Engineering, Manufacture, Commerce and Agriculture, while around the base are sculptured in white marble bas relief about two hundred figures of men illustrious in literature, art and science; a



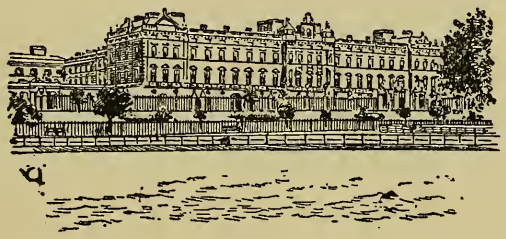
study of these life-sized figures is most interesting and instructive.

Handsome stone steps surround and form the approach to this monument; at the four corners, upon the first landing of this approach are large statuary groups representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

Directly across the road stands the Royal Albert Hall; this large circular auditorium has a seating capacity for ten or fifteen thousand persons, and contains one of the largest pipe-organs in the world; a short distance from the rear of the Royal Albert

Hall may be found the Imperial Institute, the South Kensington Museum and the more recent Victoria and Albert Museum.

Returning to the Albert Memorial, we proceed eastward by the Knightsbridge Road, which is a continuation of Kensington Road. Upon our way we pass on the left the Knightsbridge Barracks where many soldiers are quartered, and soon arrive once more at Hyde Park Corner; across from which we see the handsome arch erected over the gateway lead-

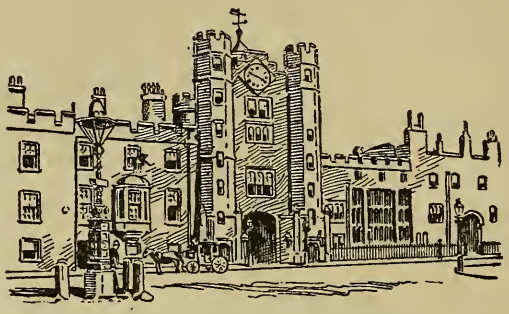


ing to Constitution Road, which passes in front of Buckingham Palace.

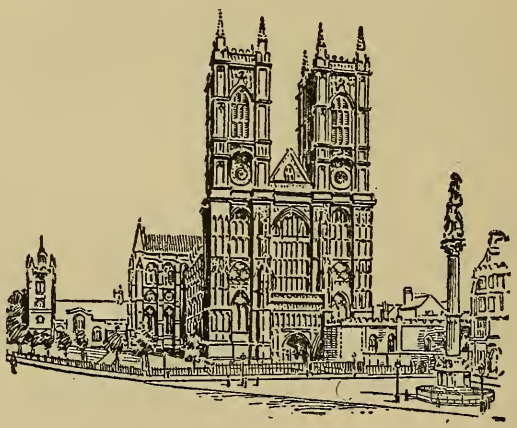
Since the death of her husband, Prince Consort, the Queen has not resided here except when in London upon business of state; it is here that she holds her drawing-rooms at which ladies esteem it such a social privilege to be presented to her Majesty.

Immediately in front of Buckingham Palace the Mall opens out, but passing this spacious boulevard upon our left, we continue along Constitution Road and soon reach the historic St. James' Palace, where are celebrated the royal weddings and also it is here that the Prince of Wales presides at the royal levees or state receptions for gentlemen, corresponding to the Queen's drawing-rooms for the ladies.

Passing along Bird-Cage-Walk, which forms the southern boundary of St. James Park, we shortly reach Westminster Abbey, built where once stood a



heathen temple to the god Apollo; the first Christian church being erected upon this site in A. D. 610; the Abbey is one of the most cherished places

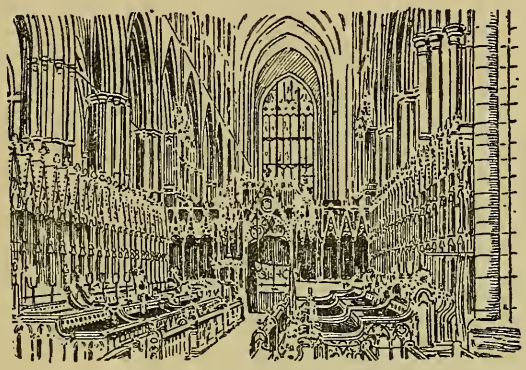


in the British Empire, and in its architecture the graceful Gothic predominates.

Burial in Westminster Abbey is the greatest recognition of civic distinction; Lord Nelson's words illustrated this, when he said: "Victory or Westmin-

ster Abbey," meaning thereby that if he achieved the former he would probably be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral as is now his most appropriate resting place, failing in that, should he achieve civic or literary pre-eminence his ashes might repose in Westminster Abbey.

Entering this ancient abbey one feels at once the



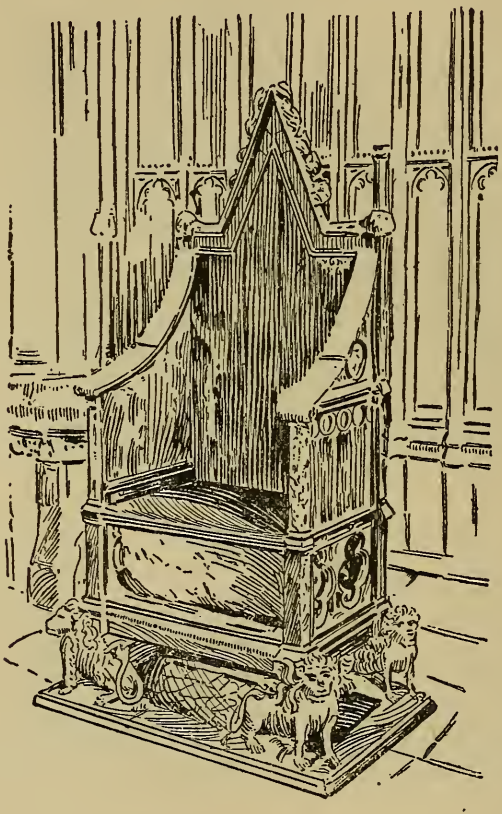
spell of an inspiration of sanctity, constraining one with uncovered head, and humble mien, to ask the Great Father of all for his protection and benediction, until life's pilgrimage ceases, and the weary one finds rest.

The graceful columns, the pointed gothic arches and groined ceiling—all are a poem of praise to the beneficient Creator.

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him!"

On every side are monuments to the illustrious dead of this great nation, and one's spirit is overshadowed by the memories of the past.

Everything in this beautiful sanctuary speaks of the finer instincts of man in his efforts to erect to the glory of God a temple in harmony with Him, in its artistic simplicity and ornate grandeur.



In passing through Westminster Abbey, we naturally visit the Poet's Corner, where we recognize a bust of our own beloved poet, Longfellow, erected by his many admiring friends, although its presence does not appear quite appropriate, notwithstanding

the fact that in the broad sense he belongs to all English speaking people.

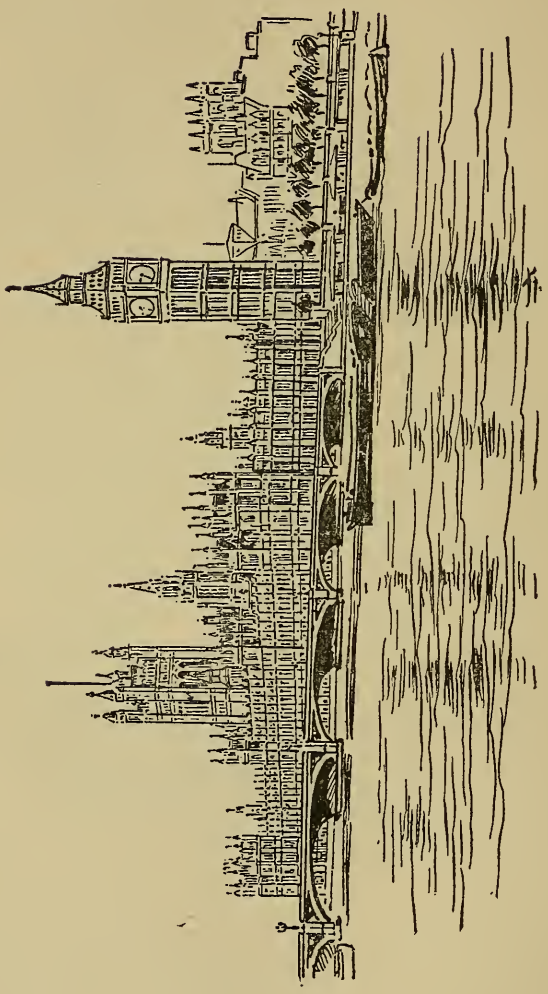
In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor another object of interest attracts attention, the Coronation Chair upon which the Sovereigns are crowned. Beneath the seat there is a strange stone called by many the Stone of Destiny, brought from Scone in Scotland, where it had been used for the coronation of Scotch rulers, and a tradition says that it is the veritable pillow of Jacob, at Bethel.

At royal coronations this chair, removed from its present resting place, is carried to the front of the altar, over it is thrown a drapery of cloth of gold which must, without question, make it look more gorgeous, but marked over as it is with many historic knife cuttings, it has greater interest.

Thus is the pomp and splendor of to-day, reared upon the more homely traditions of the past.

In the rear of the Abbey stands the Palace of Westminster, better known as the Parliament Buildings, of which a fine view is obtained from across the river Thames. The general style of architecture is Gothic, but is also sometimes called Tudor.

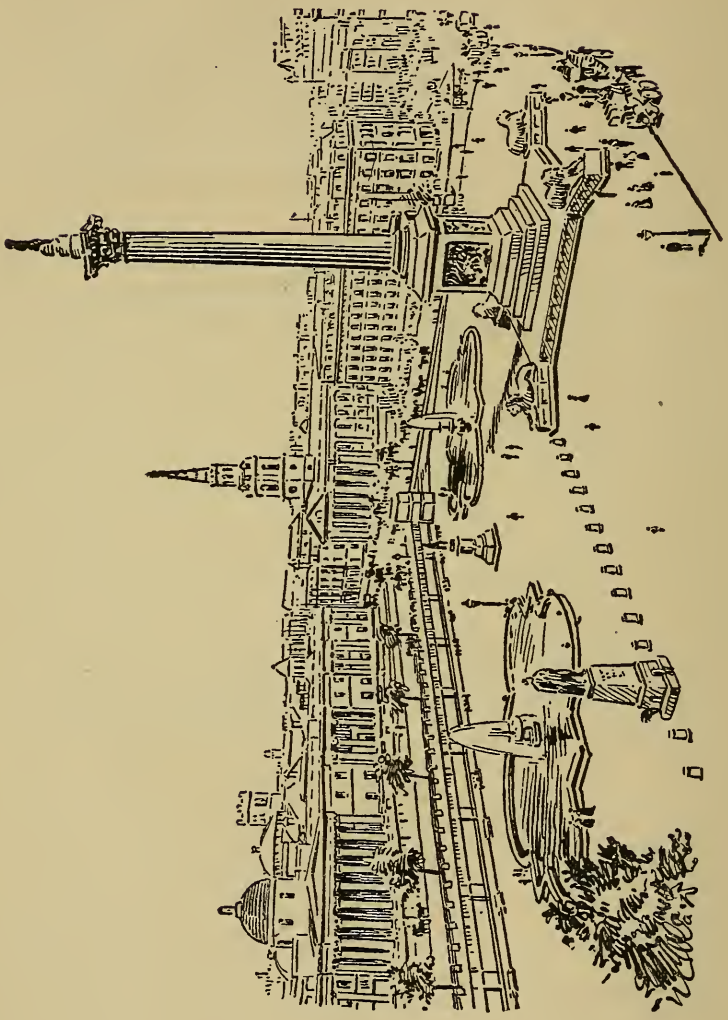
At one corner in the background rises the Victoria Tower in massive grandeur, at the further end of the buildings or the part devoted to the House of Lords; the House of Commons occupying the end nearest to us, which is plainer in adornment; in the foreground the clock tower faces upon the approach to Westminster Bridge and must be seen to be appreciated.



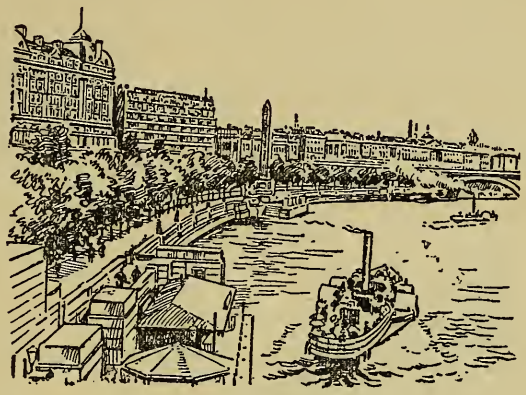
From Westminster Bridge, the river passenger boats offer to the public a convenient and delightful means of transportation; leaving Westminster Bridge, and turning to our right into Parliament Street we pass the principal Government offices on our left, also the Horse Guards at Whitehall, the headquarters of the War Department, and we are soon in Trafalgar Square, one of the chief centers in this great city.

This square is named after Lord Nelson's last naval victory and a magnificent monument to his memory, adorns its spacious area; this monument erected in A. D. 1840, is a Corinthian column of Portland stone. At its base are crouched four magnificent bronze lions designed by Landseer; the capital of the column is cast from the cannon captured by Lord Nelson and on the summit is his statue in bronze. In the background is the National Gallery, while immediately in the rear of the Nelson Monument is a small but interesting statue of General Gordon. On the right hand side of Trafalgar Square is the Church of St. Martin's in the Fields, and Morley's Hotel.

Opening from this Square are some prominent thoroughfares, including Northumberland Avenue, Pall Mall and the Strand, the latter a busy street parallel with the river Thames, and leading from Trafalgar Square up past Charing Cross to the Royal Law Courts where its name changes to Fleet street; this thoroughfare is devoted to the business phases of literature, commerce and art.

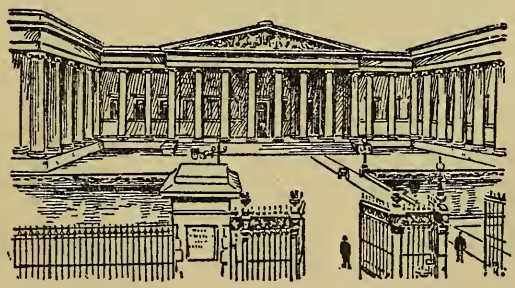


Revisiting Trafalgar Square, we pass down Northumberland Avenue and soon find ourselves upon the Victoria Embankment, and before us Somerset



House, the Internal Revenue headquarters; to our left are many fine hotels and on the right stands Cleopatra's Needle, upon the bank of the Thames.

Returning to Trafalgar Square, we pass up St. Martin's Lane and find our way to the British Mu-



seum, where are preserved many rare treasures which have added to the advancement of the world.

In such a collection, it is useless to particularize, as guidebooks are necessary; upon leaving we cross Great Russell Street and are soon upon New Oxford Street, along which we proceed, its name soon changes to High Holborn Street, which takes us past our own hotel to Chancery Lane, through which we reach Fleet Street, in the vicinity of "The Temple," one of the great settlements of the legal profession, containing within its confines the Temple Church,

which is most interesting, as connected with the Crusaders; also law libraries and chambers.

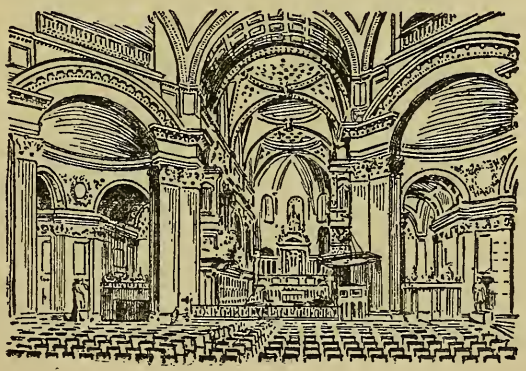
At the corner of Fleet Street and Chancery Lane we find the Royal Law Courts, to which we have previously alluded; opposite the tower once stood the Temple Bar now removed elsewhere, and in its place there is a monument surmounted by a bronze griffin.

In this magnificent temple for the administration of justice, important suits have been tried, which in

former years were judged in Westminster Hall adjoining the Parliament Buildings, which had become inadequate to the requirements of the country.

Temple Bar was the last of the old city gates to survive the insistent demand for municipal improvement and this tribute to by-gone customs had to be sacrificed; it was here that kings and queens coming to the City from the West End required to knock for admission; the gates were then thrown open with much ceremony and the Lord Mayor presenting the keys of the City to the sovereign gave with them its freedom.

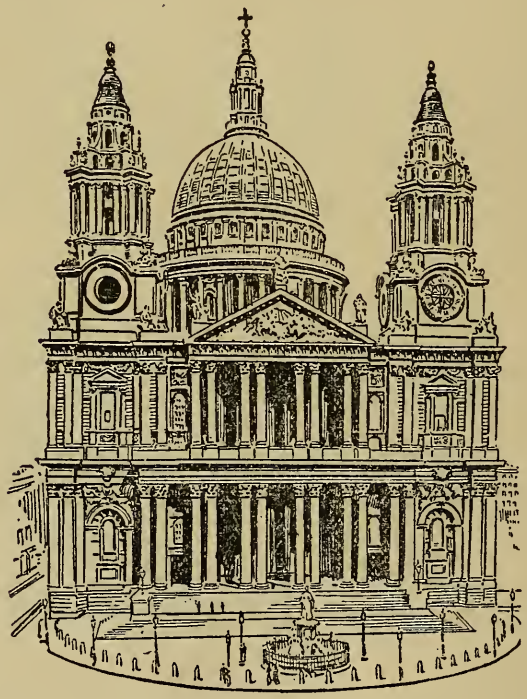
Here we enter the City, and proceed up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral, one of the finest in England and one of the most prominent buildings in London; almost wherever you go its great dome rises in solemn majesty.



This cathedral is the product of the genius of its architect Sir Christopher Wren, who is here buried, and whose epitaph contains these impressive words: "Reader if thou seekest his monument, look around."

St. Paul's Cathedral is a mausoleum for the nation's military and naval heroes. Nelson and Wellington are buried beside each other, also many other illustrious dead are entombed in the crypt.

The monument of Gen. Gordon deserves special notice; its epitaph is as follows: "Major General Charles Gordon, C. B., who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God."



Upon leaving by the north transit, we find in the churchyard flocks of pigeons being fed by visitors,

reminding one of a similar sight in the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

We leave St. Paul's and turning to the left, have a view of the General Post Office in passing, and then, by way of Cheapside, past many historic buildings, we arrive at the Bank of England, one of the great focal points of London, to the right, across Threadneedle Street is the handsome Royal Exchange erected A. D. 1845, beyond which is the well-known street called Cornhill.

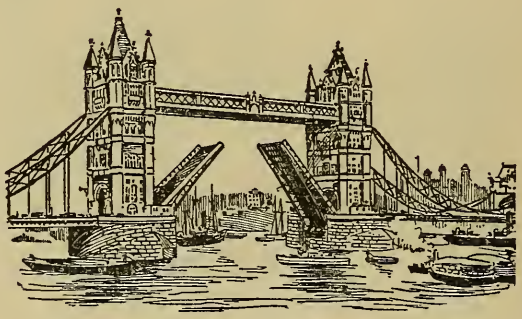
The Bank of England was founded in the 17th century by a Scotchman, and has a circulation equal to one hundred million dollars; it is an interesting fact that only new notes are issued each note being redeemed with gold upon presentation, canceled and then placed in the vaults pending its ultimate destruction.

The Bank of England is the fiduciary agent of the Government, collecting taxes and paying the interest on the national debt; its annual dividends amount

to about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars; in such a large financial institution the greatest vigilance being necessary, it is under military protection each night, while guards in uniform patrol the building, night and day.

The Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, is beyond the open area, formed by the converging of several thoroughfares, and faces the Bank of England.

Passing down toward the river past the Monument designed by Wren and erected to commemorate the



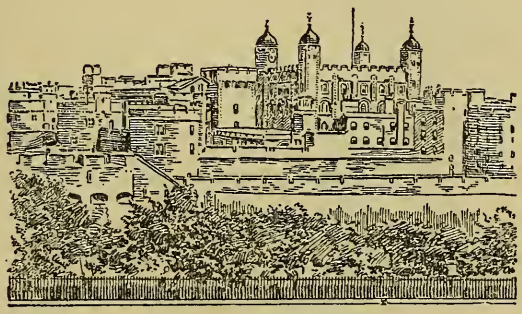
great fire of 1666, we are soon crossing London Bridge; to our left we see the Tower of London, and also the Tower Bridge, a master piece of mechanical engineering, and having crossed the river, we turn to the left upon the South side, and shortly cross the river again, this time by the Tower Bridge to which reference has been made, and find ourselves at the Tower of London.

The Tower of London links these latter days of enlightenment to the more remote dark ages of bar-

barism and horrid cruelty, in which it played such a prominent part.

In the chapel lie buried the remains of many of the victims of cruelty, revenge and jealousy; a British historian says: "There is no sadder spot than this the resting place of the bleeding relics of men who had been captains of armies, the oracles of senates and the ornaments of courts."

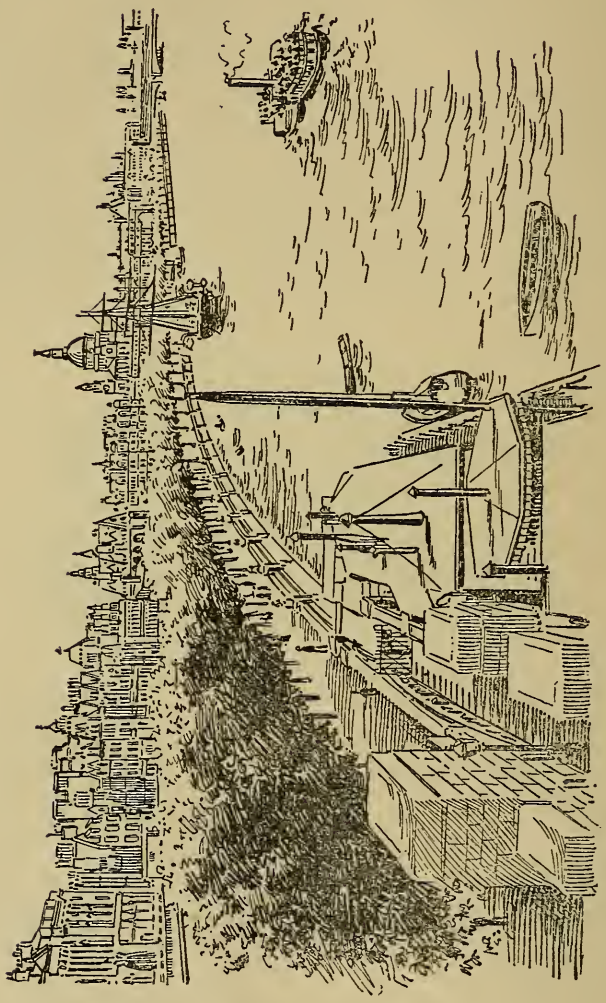
The Tower of London is now transformed into an arsenal and museum, wherein historic sword blades,



bayonets and other implements of warfare have, with great artistic skill, been formed into representations of flowers, and in the moat, long since dry, flowers are growing, in final triumph of nature over brute force.

Leaving many interesting places unvisited, we visit the Crown Jewels, which are strongly guarded by an iron grating.

In conclusion we visit Waterloo Bridge, and see a magnificent panorama of which a poet writing of the view as seen in the early morning, has said:



"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning silent—fair;
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie
Open unto the sun and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air;
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."

London is so replete with the most thrilling historic memories that a short visit is quite inadequate to the subject, and leaving these scenes in your memories, I hope they may some day become the objects of a personal and pleasant experience.

PART V.

REVERIES OF A MYSTIC

BY

SIMPLEX.

CHICAGO:
SIMPLEX PUBLISHING COMPANY,
73 West Adams Street,
1900.

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by
Robert J. Buchanan.

INTRODUCTION.

THE desert experiences of life are often in the midst of its busiest scenes. The crowded thoroughfares have been trodden by those who, while craving intercourse with their fellows, have resented the least intrusion upon their morbidness.

Sometimes a true friend breaks through this hypersensitiveness, and while the first impulse is that of resentment, the better nature triumphs, and the experience, in retrospect, seems an oasis in the desert.

The heart is sick and the head tired. Then the burdens of life would gladly be laid down as too heavy; but notwithstanding that, the joy of living is emphasised by these sojourns in the wilderness, and the sun shines the more brightly when the clouds pass away.

When the new day of usefulness has come, if we profit by experience, hope leads forth into broader fields of usefulness.

The wilderness and solitary place shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

> "And he who has not learned to know
> How false its (life's) sparkling bubbles show,
> How bitter are the drops of woe
> With which its brim may overflow,
> He has not learned to live."

SPIRIT SYMPATHY.

In the spirit life there are affinities more potent than animal magnetism, by which, however, they are sometimes expressed. Human beings are delicate and sensitive instruments in the midst of soul harmonies and discords, and souls commune with souls in corresponding sympathies, or are repelled by antipathies.

Spiritual expression is more emphatic than mere words; which, at best, are only the coinage of the intellect, but are, with physical expression, the chief exponents of man's subjective consciousness.

To appreciate a suggestion without physical expression, is an evidence of great spirit refinement. When one enters the environment of others, before the eyes perceive the physical, there may be felt a spiritual attraction or an antipathy.

Each spirit emanation produces some direct or indirect effect upon the spirit lives of others, and initiates incalculable consequences, in a similar manner as a whisper enters into a series of atmospheric combinations, which almost immediately become too finely attenuated for their delicate tones to be heard, much less appreciated.

A novice will play a musical instrument out of tune, until its vibrations become untrue; then a consummate artist is required to restore its true relations to the laws of harmony.

Mortals have become antagonistic to the divine law by corrupting environment and evil inclinations, and from this condition of discord only the Master can redeem them; but, if their wills are surrendered, they are in sympathy with the Spirit of Truth, with hearts large enough to acknowledge the boundlessness of God's love and the common brotherhood of man; then peace shall reign, and the Prince of Peace shall be satisfied.

May there not be a spirit harmony which has rarely been apprehended, although there may have been seers who have in a measure comprehended this sublime music, to fully understand which would be heaven?

Physical limitations so narrowly define and circumscribe our contact with the spiritual life, that we do not recognise the Infinite.

At present, as in the past, there are seers, having finely focussed and delicately attuned spirits, who receive a foretaste of the spirit temple, and understand, in a measure, the mysteries to be revealed when the past and future have merged into an eternal present.

Even in this life of turmoil, souls are promised a rest which remaineth to the people of God, for "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

SPIRIT TEMPLES.

The evolution of character depends upon the manner in which we accept the lessons taught by experience.

"Build thee, my soul, more stately mansions as the swift seasons roll, quit thy low vaulted past, let each new temple, nobler than the last, shut thee from heaven by a dome more vast, till thou at length art free, leaving this outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

There are many mysteries in life which, spiritually discerned, are often hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes. One of these, the theory of cell-reconstruction, teaches us that "men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

We sometimes build better than we know, and as blind builders led by the Spirit, our work is heaven-born; but alas! too often are we struck with its magnificence, and attributing it to our own unaided acumen, down tumbles our superstructure like a house built upon the sand.

How important, then, is a measure of blindness when, in the flush of accomplished purposes, we find ourselves on the heights of spiritual exaltation, and through our enquickened spirits view the kingdoms of the earth, which are promised, if we will only serve

the Spirit of Evil! Let us, then, beware that our eyes be not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of a vain world; then shall we be led of the Spirit of God, and angels shall come ministering unto us, and we shall hear voices in the night—

"Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost."

SPIRIT HARMONY.

In the Temple of Life there is a spiritual organ whose pipes are human souls; but none among men is competent to bring out the full compass of its beautiful harmonies, and few who do not produce discord in their efforts to manipulate this mighty instrument. The thought brings sadness.

We listen to the great undertones; and while there is much that is beautiful if heard by itself, when it is considered amidst the vast volume of discord, it can scarcely be distinguished. And we long for that time when the Great Musician shall appear, and the stops of life's mighty organ be controlled by His master-hand. Then shall our relative conditions be adjusted, and the end of existence established.

But who is this man of master-mind? Even "the Man of Sorrows," who is touched with the feelings of

our infirmities, having been tempted. He alone is able to open the organ of humanity and draw out the Divine harmonies; for shall He not attune each redeemed soul to the keynote of His own life? "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." Then shall be heard music that Heaven never dreamed of, and at which the angels shall veil their faces; for is it not the Lamb slain for the world who has given a fuller significance to the spirit life? Then shall the work of redemption be complete, then shall Christ see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

SPIRIT VISION.

When Jesus was born, Divinity became incarnate, and humanity being then brought into closer touch with the spirit world, the simplest minds being in sympathy with nature were very naturally also in sympathy with God. Thus, to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, the Great Shepherd of Israel appeared, and gently removing the limitations of time and space, suddenly there was with the shepherds a multitude of the heavenly host. Now, inasmuch as they had not been seen approaching, may we not surmise that they had been present, though unseen, until the spirit vision was allowed?

Our Father waiteth to be gracious; but, as spoiled children, our eyes are holden—are dimmed that we will not see aright, and in our perverseness we refuse to have our tears wiped away and thus find rest unto our souls. For "His yoke is easy;" His burden relieves every other care, and endows us with perfect liberty. How much of sorrow might we escape if we accepted this more abundant life—a life more closely in touch with the spirit life.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him."

How then shall we thus worship God aright? Surely not in some unnatural asceticism that seeks to put asunder what God hath joined together. The full possibilities of body and soul are to be sought, that each may be glorified; the just or unjust ridicule of the profane should not be courted by peculiarities of manner or dress, but true breadth of life should be cultivated, which makes possible the gentle courtesy of the Master.

Sometimes we may find it best to do unto others as we feel they wish to be done unto; but at times it may be necessary to exercise righteous indignation.

Remember it is the spirit of power manifested in meekness that commands respect.

SPIRIT INTERCHANGE.

The spiritual media of interchange are essentially different from those of the material world, as is the tribute; for love begets love. Love should pass current everywhere, but the world is sadly out of joint. Man endeavours to make money the medium of the interchange of sentiment, thus debasing the coin of the spiritual realm by his sordidness. Pay your commercial debts in money, but your obligations to humanity may only be liquidated in the pure gold of love. Wealth is the outcome of natural increase; money, however, is not a God-given blessing, but was invented by man to promote commerce, and of necessity, its tribute is payable to the inventor; but as he came into the world without it so also shall he depart. Money was introduced to facilitate exchange; but, controlled by the unscrupulous, it often becomes the greatest blight upon the body politic and its lack hampers interchange. Money no longer represents value exchanged for it by its holders as was once the case in more primitive conditions.

The acquisition of money too often indicates a capacity to outwit its rightful owners, and that ability which compels the labourer to accept a mere pittance, while unscrupulous manipulators of finance luxuriate in their ill-gotten gains.

It is not intended to criticise adversely those financiers who legitimately use their minds for the promotion of business enterprise; but those who, by tightening financial conditions, force worthy labour into the dust, and then trample and spit upon it, deserve the most severe condemnation. The mentally strong are not exempt from this curse, and lofty thinking is often co-existent with lowly living; while the lust of money, like a vampire, sucks the very personality of the noblest of men, whose minds have become unfitted for the struggle by the hyper-sensitiveness of refinement.

SPIRIT UNIFICATION.

Prayer is the most beautiful and spiritual of all phases of worship as it is the conformation of our wills with the Divine will; the most perfect models of ideal prayer are those of Jesus Christ, which are simple and direct, realising the true object of prayer. Did you ever consider how foolish it is to pray as if necessary to persuade a loving Father to grant requests when He is more ready to give than we to receive?

A dyspeptic sits a hungry man at a royal feast; his prayer may be, "Give me to eat," but the eating will only increase his discomfort, because his stomach is

not right, and his prayer is all wrong until he brings himself into sympathy with the food. It is similar in connection with spirit food. There is an abundance; but while we are sick of soul, the Truth only adds to our discomfort, and we are in no condition to be nourished until uplifted into a closer communion.

Prayer, then, is a means of unifying our wills with God's will, not by changing His attitude, but by the surrender of our wills, for then only will peace come.

Cease talking about unanswered prayer when there is no sympathy with the Divine. A growth in grace should aid our physical regeneration.

Do not think it an anomaly when people hesitate to acknowledge spiritual uplifting of which they have had the most evanescent experience, or condemn because they cannot tell whence these leadings come or whither they go; are we not told that such is everyone that is born of the Spirit?

Rather should we doubt the very materialistic experiences which in certain quarters pass current as the "open sesame" to the inner sanctuary of spiritual fellowship. Such savour not of the spirit, but of the intellect; they are based upon idealised sentiment, and are a poor excuse for the boundlessness of God's love

So long as a timid fire-tried soul is under the fear of heterodoxy, just so long the spirit may not have free course; for every thought is considered sinful

which does not coincide with preconceived notions of what one's creed will tolerate, and under the circumstances not being able to understand the travail attendant upon spirit birth, we make no allowance for growth in grace; it does seem so human to thus measure the freedom of the spirit by the standards suggested by our finite minds; we suppress our emotions instead of allowing our spirits to be moulded into unity with the Divine.

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Should we be afraid to entrust our spirits to the care of the Comforter, that He may lead us out of a condition of discord into the marvellous harmony of Divine love, taking out of us many false vibrations due to heredity and environment, which embody the natural man?

Let us then be brave, caring not whither we be led so that our hearts may at last be prepared to accept the Truth. It should not be to us a cause of fear, for by it we are promised that freedom wherein we shall be free indeed.

SPIRIT REWARDS.

What is called Heaven must be a condition, a life of harmony; Hell must be the reverse. Thus there

may be a veritable Hell upon earth, and the Bible tells us the Kingdom of God may be within us.

Consider these questions of harmony and discord, and our experience of life tells us that conditions which harmonise with cultured and refined natures constitute for the depraved a positive Hell ; the converse is also true—an atmosphere congenial to the depraved is quite as intolerable to the pure.

Let us direct our thoughts to spiritual conditions, more especially those affecting our future life of reward or punishment, in the unrealised hereafter. There can be no greater calamity than that God, the Spirit of Truth, should leave a man to his own devices. The Bible tells us that man will stand self-judged and self-condemned in the final judgment, and may we not also surmise, self-punished.

This condition of discord will not cease until we are governed by Christ's spirit of freedom ; then we shall be free indeed, when we shall be led of the Spirit, and joy be our portion.

Listen to the lament of Jesus over the recalcitrant Jews : " Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ; behold your house is left unto you desolate."

Is it not the consummation of retribution when a

man is given over to himself? But if we repent and are willing in the day of God's power, we are clothed with the robe of our Redeemer's righteousness; and when this tabernacle of flesh has been dissolved, leaving the spirit untrammelled by the limitations of time and space, we shall be free to realise our natural desires.

In the new Jerusalem we shall find the streets of spiritual gold, which typify the pathway of duty, growing brighter and more bright until it ends in that fullest effulgence of glory. How simple! And so much more natural than other more materialistic beliefs which incorporate the sordid gold of earthly commerce into spiritual fantasies.

A spiritual fire must be most searching. The fire to which conscience adds fuel is much more intense than the fire which has power to destroy only the material or corporeal body.

In the very nature of existing conditions we are living in a state of probation, and at death our opportunity of choice may have ended.

We have often heard the sceptic laugh at the idea of an eternal Hell; but is it not a natural sequence? Do we not know as a positive fact that a greater and higher power is required to raise anything from a lower plane, if it has no inherent power? Now, in the spiritual life, if this higher power be withdrawn, may not a soul plunge downward into

depths profound? From thence, pray, how shall he be delivered?

Can any sane man, except when talking for his own aggrandisement, lay what is called damnation to the charge of a merciful and long-suffering spiritual Father, who waiteth to be gracious, pleading for us against our stubborn wills, that living a spiritual life, we might also live a life abounding in the riches of grace; thus only is the great adversary to be laid low, and Christ to see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. How great are the harmony, concord, and peace enjoyed by the redeemed!

PART VI.

POPULAR HYGIENE

BY

SIMPLEX.

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by
Robert J. Buchanan.

I.

OUR WONDERFUL BODIES.

We have in our bodies an ideal of cooperation—each organ interdependent but under the control of the nervous system, without which beneficent direction disease would supplant health.

These bodies of ours are delicately constituted, adjusting the various functions of their several members to the changeful conditions of life.

In the elaborate chemistry of life the nervous system exerts a marvelously responsive control over the elemental affinities of nutrition, reconstruction and elimination.

Those of a delicate nervous temperament are, not infrequently, harassed by conditions of defective elimination produced be enfeebled nerve-tone, which create in the system a "vicious circle."

First—Defective nerve-tone superinduced by almost any excess.

Second—Imperfect elimination and consequent retention of deleterious secretions.

Third—A self-poisoned nervous system, with consequently increased debility and deterioration of nerve fiber.

Thus is the progress of retrogression, until the victim reluctantly lays aside his avocations, in extreme cases, to seek the protection of some institution, but sometimes spared this dire humiliation, be-

ing relieved of life's duties by the messenger of peace, who comes so surely to each tired mortal at the end of his pilgrimage.

Nature does not furnish a panacea for the ills of humanity; her products may alleviate, but nowhere is found a charmed fountain which returns youth to old age, sending anew the thrill of freshness into the vital fluid, sluggish with effete secretions, where should be found the elements of reconstruction; nor is it desirable to remain immature in form, features or feelings, as the mild, mellowing and maturing touch of time is laid gently upon our heads, besprinkling them with silver sheen; but it is a consummation to be desired that we grow old gracefully, our spirits retaining perennial youth, until gently ushered into that summer land, when we rest from our labors in the quiet sleep of death.

II.

FUNCTIONS OF THE SKIN.

The skin is the organ of our bodies which is most in evidence; too often it is shamefully neglected, and as a consequence becomes conspicuous in undesirable ways.

This intricate covering protects us against untoward influences, and is the greatest agent in eliminating the causes of internal disease, yet we seldom consider that it may require some special attention; its superficial area is great and its immense surface contains several millions of pores, acting automatically. These are the safety valves through which are expelled the poisonous by-products of nutrition and reconstruction, before they vitiate the entire system; it is important that we keep this net-work of cutaneous action in the vitality which will keep us pure within.

The chief excretory organs are the liver, the kidneys, the lungs and the skin; is it not reasonable to conclude that when the skin fails in its functions, there must be forced upon the others many poisonous secretions for which their delicate structures were never intended; hence the morbid results of high-living vitiate the system, unless the skin is kept in vital activity, under which condition men have become gluttonous with seeming impunity; but let the skin become deranged, and such indiscretions are followed by the most dire retribution.

Liver troubles, Bright's disease of the Kidneys,

Tuberculosis and other diseases have ruthlessly cut down the finest specimens of the race in the very prime of their usefulness, and, too often, the "silver cord" has snapped when the strains of mature life came, and the "golden bowl" has been broken when the fulfillment of destiny seemed almost achieved.

Children remain robust so long as they run around and perspire freely; so also laborers, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, digest the strongest diet and increase in muscular tone; the pampered stomach of the aristocrat cannot assimilate the strong food of the workers. This is due largely to the comparative inactivity of his skin.

Is it not disgraceful that enlightened members of society should degrade the skin into a condition of suspended vitality, and such should arise out of this lethargy of dirt, decay and death, by toning the skin into renewed vigor and consequent beauty.

The results of neglecting the skin are far-reaching, for too often the parents have eaten sour grapes, and their children's teeth are set on edge; but such is the law of heredity, and parents apparently in ruddy health, but self-indulgent have no surplus vitality to bequeath to their offspring.

It is the duty of all, and we shall give a physical account, to keep our bodies pure, which may be accomplished by proper attention to the functions of the skin; then shall peace and childlike vigor replace the present condition of lassitude.

Vapor bathing is often most desirable to quickly counteract the defective action of the skin, as it

produces a condition in the skin which induces the blood to freely circulate in its network of capillaries; then there will be no need for external beautifiers when the whole body flushes with the return of health; then the eyes will sparkle with an enquickened lustre; thus the paramount importance of an active skin cannot be over-estimated.

III.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

The blood is wonderfully constituted, made up of living, moving organisms, ever active for good or ill, stagnating only in death.

The circulation conveys nutriment to reconstruct the cells of our bodies, and returns with the carbon di-oxide, the product of combustion, to be purified by elimination, and revitalized by the appropriation of oxygen in the lungs and also through the skin.

Derangements of the nervous system often predispose to retain in the blood those deleterious secretions which should be expelled, or otherwise the entire body becomes involved.

In the animal economy there is a peculiar principle of cell-heredity, which predisposes to accustomed conditions of nutrition; thus the drunkard's cells, having been constructed under alcoholic conditions, demand their continuance, "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

It is difficult to retain a sweet disposition with blood contaminated by the humors of the body, for when the blood is impure it must affect the delicate structure of the nervous system which controls the entire body.

Let us avoid that incubus anto-intoxication or self-poisoning, to which specialists have attributed that languor and general indisposition, when otherwise the functions of the body appear to be normal; let us expel these irritating poisons, which slowly sap our vitality, making us old and careworn before the

prime of life and shattering our nervous systems in the very zenith of our usefulness.

May we not grow old peacefully as we gradually lay aside this earthly tabernacle, remembering that our duty is to keep undefiled these wonderful temples, for out of them are the issues of life; "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

PART VII.

HARVEST GLEANINGS

BY

SIMPLEX.

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by
Robert J. Buchanan.

I.

INSPIRATION.

I had a dream one night which thrilled me through and through, and I wept when I awoke in the dull winter morning, to find the glory had vanished from my spirit, and I was left to face the buffetings of the storm, without inspiration, and with a heavy heart, when the voice of God whispered sweet words of comfort to me and I went out to fight the battle of life anew, and found that the storm induced zest and stimulation, renewing my flagging energies so that my nerves tingled and I was strong to do my day's work. The thrill had produced only a reflex glow soon to be effaced, and in no way comparable to the warmth which came to my heart under trial, with an inspiration surmounting obstacles, conquering opposition and bringing light and peace.

II.

CHRISTIANITY.

Jesus Christ has told us that the field is the world, and no Christian can contradict the Master; we are not told to bring people into the church, but are commanded to compel men to come into the kingdom of Christ, who said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Beyond question, Jesus Christ instituted the church upon lines very different from those upon which ecclesiasticism is built. The attention of the thoughtful is directed to this question.

There can be no uniformity among the different sects until each will esteem Christ better than itself and cease the eternal struggle for aggrandizement; it was for preaching this principle that Jesus Christ was crucified and so many of His saints before and since have suffered martyrdom.

So long as men have different minds there will be a necessity for sects differing in accordance with their varying thoughts; one cannot tolerate the hypocrisy of men accepting the emoluments of any sect, while sapping its foundations which they have sworn to uphold. "How dwelleth the love of God in such as these?" Let them come out from the flesh pots, and not fatten at the expense of those whose doctrines they despise.

There is a necessity for the church to-day as in the past, but it will behoove Christians to seek the solution of the problem which faces them in these latter days.

It is among the followers of Christ that one naturally looks for courtesy based upon the fundamental principles of life and not upon the amenities of society; it is said that some men are not gentlemen in the opinions of their valets, with whom the outward social polish is discarded with its trappings. Happy that man who is a gentleman at heart.

One can always rely upon a true gentleman in every emergency, with the assurance that he will shield, as did Jesus Christ, who was the ideal gentleman; the words gentleman and Christian are synonymous.

We naturally look for courtesy in the church; the barren fig tree drew upon itself the blight following the curse pronounced against it, and to some thinkers the barren fig tree is a type of certain phases of the church life.

We have been told in Holy Writ that the wicked and the righteous must grow together until the harvest. The results would lead one to assume that there are many in the control of ecclesiastical affairs who are not the followers of Jesus Christ.

III.

MUSIC.

In the study of music one must first overcome the physical limitations by which mortals are restrained from the fullest realization of spiritual enjoyment; when these physical limitations have been mastered, and the instrument obeys the will, then the intellect may be dominated by the subjective consciousness. When musicians overcome physical limitations they give expression to sublime harmonies as did the old masters, but there are still heights of spiritual exaltation to which music may not aspire.

"But far on the deep there are billows
That never will break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence,
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach."

To those who lack the power of expressing their feelings in words music may come as an outlet for sentiment; in such cases it has become the handmaid of inspiration.

Do not confound sentimentality with spiritual exaltation, as the spirit is often the most refreshed when most devoid of excitement.

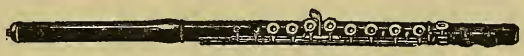
IV.

THE BOEHM FLUTE.

The flute is the most charming of wind instruments, combining with its soft mellifluous tone the vibratory quality which gives charm to all stringed instruments, more particularly those of the violin family.

The flute tone in its perfection, is almost the counterpart of the human voice, which in a measure resembles a wind instrument having vibratory, or string qualities, of tone, given to it by the vocal chords.

The flute as improved by Theobald Boehm is perhaps the most perfect form of this delightful instrument, and as such it is generally known as the Boehm Flute, to distinguish it from the common or German flute.



It is in the head joint of the flute that the tone is produced, and this in the Boehm flute is slightly conical in bore, the larger end being toward the body of the instrument, which is of cylinder bore, having stops or keys of equal size, except in the case of one or two openings; thus is the quality of tone improved and made uniform.

The theory of producing tones upon the flute is simple, and similar to that of the pipe organ, consisting in the vibration of air in a column or cylinder; the greater its length, the lower the tone produced, by the reduction in the number of vibrations; the

chromatic scale is produced by successively shortening this vibrating cylinder by the opening of keys.

The flute is acknowledged to be of very ancient origin; many old pictures represent it, in one or other form, the oldest perhaps being the Pipes of Pan—a series of individual cylinders or flutes of varying lengths united, being played upon by blowing across their uniform ends while being passed across the lips transversely. Without taxing our imagination have we not in the Pan Pipes the primitive form of a pipe organ, which instrument some old Scotch Presbyterian antagonists have scornfully called a "Kist o' whistles?"

V.

A TRADITION.

There is a story that Aaron, the brother of Moses, made the first flute; it was in this wise: One evening, as he lay beside the water, he thought he heard the whisper of an angel; listening intently, he found to his delight, that the music came from the earth; following in the direction whence the sounds were wafted, he came upon a bed of reeds, and discovered that the zephyrs were blowing across some which had been broken, thus producing the angelic melodies. He thereupon constructed the first flute, after the idea conveyed by the broken reeds.

Of course this story is clearly a fiction; but does it not emphasize a great truth?—that if we listen to the voices of nature we may therein hear the voice of God, as did Adam and Eve when walking in the Garden of Eden in the cool of the evening; and having heard, it is our duty to make of ourselves instruments of service.

VI.

A PARABLE.

Some one has given this fable concerning the flute: A Flute was heard to complain that it had been a beautiful stick of wood, and now, being bored out and pierced, it bore slight resemblance to its pristine beauty; the listener, being a philosopher, made answer: Oh, foolish Flute! dost thou not know that in thy present form thou art far more useful and much more beautiful than in the past, when, as a mere stick of inert wood, thou wert fit fuel for the fire; in thy present form, a master musician may draw from thy pierced sides the melodies of heaven.

Thus even a flute may preach its sermon of contentment, or the reverse, to those who are willing to hear its story.

VII.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

That heterogenious mass of mankind, called "the people," is too frequently like a flock of sheep having no shepherd.

When self-appointed leaders offer their services too many are found who will follow blindly wherever they may be led, even when it is manifestly to their detriment, being as a rule grossly ignorant of the dangers which threaten them.

The masses must have leaders to educate and guide them, but they are too often used to promote the selfish interests of political intriguers.

If skillfully handled the common people very quickly grasp the ideas of self-government; but they must be led step by step without coercion.

It is folly to expect plain people to accept for facts, that which they cannot comprehend; they must assimilate the truths presented before appreciating their value, and how otherwise can they be educated except by a teacher?

As was said before, our fellow citizens must be subject to judicious leading and even the so-called anarchy, which blatantly denies recognition to all law and order, must of necessity subject itself to the most rigid observance of practical dictation from its leaders.

When citizens become indifferent to the politics of their country they relapse into that animal sordidness which is found to a most manifest extent in

those lands where freedom has been denied to the subjects of feudal despotism.

There is a universal freemasonry among the literary elite as in our social relations which has its passwords, signs and grips which are most unmistakable to the initiated, as it is proverbial that one gentleman recognizes another without either credentials or pedigree; but the temple of knowledge is not thus safeguarded, but offers ready access to all alike, for "he that seeketh, findeth," and "to him that knocketh, it shall be opened," and very often the deeper spiritual meanings of life are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes; if such simplicity be folly, then by all means call me a fool.

Many illiterate men are well educated, meaning that their brains are thoroughly alert, and of this we have proofs in the cases of some of our successful business men, some of whom content themselves by having smart college-bred boys and girls who spend their money and often have a contempt for their poor rich "paw and maw," who, in many cases, are made of that stuff which does not tarnish and which has the true ring of humanity. I like these honest people and also respect their ability to increase their capital, as did the faithful steward in the Bible, and I would refer these supercilious young gentlemen and ladies to the Fifth Commandment, which is the first commandment with promise.

VIII.

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

There are many men and women who neither comprehend nor appreciate the etiquette by which society strives to safeguard itself against the animal propensities of its members; make no mistake when you hear the counterpart of a grunt, but look for the hog, even in high places, and beware of the consequences when you cast your pearls before him.

IX.

TRUE EQUALITY.

In sunny youth the boys we met at school were our peers, for the idea of human brotherhood had not then been crushed out of our lives.

X.

LOVE.

We receive at our mothers' breasts the golden thread which leads us through the darkest hours of life out into the bright sunlight of God's love, of which it is a type.

XI.

ECONOMY.

If you wish to avoid much financial distress, measure your liabilities so that they do not exceed your assets, as a very small sum may be the price of your bondage.

XII.

ENTHUSIASM.

Enthusiasm is like a conflagration, setting on fire everything with which it comes into contact.

XIII.

SATISFACTION.

We get out of life just that for which we have the capacity or inclination.

PART VIII.

MY BELIEF

BY

SIMPLEX.

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by
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MY BELIEF.

I believe in God, the Father; in Jesus Christ, His Son; and in the Holy Spirit, the Comforter who proceeds from the Father and the Son, who together, as the Trinity, are worshiped as one God, the Maker of all things.

I believe that God governs the world, but that the free moral agency of man is not thereby lessened, and that sin is his own willful act, otherwise there could be no responsibility and God tempteth no man.

I believe that God created man in His own image; that our first parents became alienated through disobedience; that man, by nature, is antagonistic to God; that spiritual harmony is secured through Jesus Christ alone; and that God desiring this harmony, has revealed Himself in nature; through man's conscience; by revelation; and in Jesus Christ.

I believe that the Holy Spirit reveals truths to men who are in spiritual harmony with God; that the Bible was inspired by the Holy Spirit and is able to make wise unto salvation, and is the standard of right living.

I believe that God was manifest in Jesus Christ, who became man, and was tempted, yet without sin;

suffered; died on the Cross at Calvary; and rose again, thereby declaring the love of God to man; that He passed into the spirit world, and has sent the Holy Spirit—the Comforter, to convince of sin, and reconcile men to God, so that they may recover their birthright as His children.

I believe that the life is the best evidence of harmony with God or the reverse; and that growth in grace follows abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.

I believe that Jesus Christ came to earth to reestablish harmony with God, and that its fruits are joy, long-suffering and peace; that Christians are responsible to Jesus Christ, as their substitute, and that through Him all have access to God without other intervention.

I believe in the invisible, spiritual Church which comprises all believers in the truths preached by Christ; and that it is guided and governed by the Holy Spirit, who shall lead us into all truth.

I believe that the visible church is necessary so that all those who think alike may associate for the promotion of spiritual growth upon earth, and the conversion of the world; that the Bible determines its beliefs and forms of worship; that it should be consecrated to the upbuilding of Christ's cause who said "My kingdom is not of this world;" that there should be observed two sacred duties: Baptism, as a sign of union with God; and the Lord's Supper, in remembrance of Jesus Christ, as a means of spirit communion; that it should remember the first day of the week, the day upon which Jesus Christ arose

from the dead, as a day of rest and spiritual refreshment.

I believe in the triumph of truth; in the glorious coming of God; in the final retributive justice, wherein each unredeemed soul shall stand self-condemned and shall be self-punished; but that God desireth not the death of the sinner, but rather that he shall have eternal life.

I believe that Christians should stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ doth make them free.

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